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& THE DRAMA.



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SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE,

Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. King Edward Professor of Music in the University of
London. Gresham Professor of Music. Emeritus-Organist of Westminster Abbey.

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OUR MODERN ATHENE

THE visage of the goddess who frowns upon these words is perhaps unduly dark. One can never tell beforehand. Like most of the Olympians, she is able to work portents with her eyebrows, and, so far as we have been able to observe the mutations of her countenance, she is by no means averse to doing so. We have, for instance, known her to appear with a patch upon her chin, and, as if to make her anachronistic vagaries more completely disconcerting, with a mouth so demurely pursed that we could have sworn that it was never framed to anything more terrible than prunes and prisms.

Altogether she is hardly encouraging, *cette femme-là*. What are we to do to please a goddess who, without ever taking off her solemn helmet, may wear a Restoration patch and make an early Victorian *moue*? The situation is almost unprecedented, and we doubt very seriously indeed whether the single precedent which occurs to us is wholly reassuring. Mrs. Pott at the Eatanswill ball had the helmet for certain, most probably the lips, but not the patch. But she had something to take its place. "Minerva with a fan!" It may be that our own Athene has a fan also. Again, one can never tell. It is at least charitable to suppose that her hands are better employed than were those of Mrs. Pott, in the way that Simonides assures us they used to be employed—to ward off harm from the earthly city of the soul.

But the resemblance to Mrs. Pott is too close to permit of much confidence. In the scales of morality the smallest patch (even though worn but once and that a fortnight ago) will balance the most massive fan to a nicety. Nor is it much consolation that the muse of Eatanswill was notoriously easy to please. It is true that the treble of Count Smorltork was the growling of a lion in her ear. But, even if we were able, as we are not, to produce similar vocables, the world as a whole is getting past that condition of belief in which to wear the insignia of another is to

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put on his character. That Mrs. Pott did not become particularly like Athene was remarked upon even by the members of the Pickwick Club, who were not given to censoriousness; and we have no warrant for believing, on merely circumstantial evidence, that Athene has become in character like Mrs. Pott.

Indeed these half-worldly embellishments, more closely considered, seem to make her indubitable frown rather more sinister. We feel that instead of protecting us, she is engaged in leading us on, and that when, as perhaps now, we have been induced to hazard words of a certain flippancy, we may be utterly discomfited not merely with a sweep of the fringed *ægis*, but with a sudden, sufficient glimpse of the authentic Gorgon's head upon her gleaming shield.

The grim uncertainty with which our eponym confronts us is consonant with this uneasy age. Our modern poet who sets himself to write his epic is at the very first line assailed, and apparently vanquished, by a doubt unknown to his predecessors. Upon whom shall he call for aid? Of which deity can he be certain? No wonder that his pen hesitates and is finally laid down disconsolately in the tray. After all, it is no fault of ours if we do not produce heroes, who are always people who have someone or something outside them-

selves on whom they can rely to pull them out of a hole. In their day Truth was held to be beneficent and Beauty benign; in ours we have begun to suspect ulterior motives in both of these. We have begun to know too much about ourselves to trust the wings of the dear old Ego for a long flight into the sun, and we have long known too much about the mechanics of popular apotheosis.

Our modern Athene is as inscrutable as the Sphinx. We would gladly give up the attempt to read her riddle if there was a reasonable chance that she would let us make our peace with her on those terms. If we could only elicit a smile! Perhaps we are too serious altogether, and if we laughed at her, she might laugh too, even though she did so merely to conceal from us her own unconsciousness of her oddity.

DREAMS AND FACTS

I.

THE influence of our wishes upon our beliefs is a matter of common knowledge and observation, yet the nature of this influence is very generally misconceived. It is customary to suppose that the bulk of our beliefs are derived from some rational ground, and that desire is only an occasional disturbing force. The exact opposite of this would be nearer the truth: the great mass of beliefs by which we are supported in our daily life is merely the bodying forth of desire, corrected here and there, at isolated points, by the rude shock of fact. Man is essentially a dreamer, awakened sometimes for a moment by some peculiarly obtrusive element in the outer world, but lapsing again quickly into the happy somnolence of imagination. Freud has shown how largely our dreams at night are the pictured fulfilment of our wishes; but he might, with an equal measure of truth, have said the same of the day-dreams which we call beliefs.

There are three ways by which this non-rational origin of our convictions can be demonstrated: there is the way of psycho-analysis, which, starting from an understanding of the insane and hysterical, gradually makes it plain how little, in essence, these victims of malady differ from ordinary healthy people; then there is the way of the sceptical philosopher, showing how feeble is the rational evidence for even our most cherished beliefs; and, finally, there is the way of common observation of men. It is only the last of these three that I propose to consider.

The lowest savages, as they have become known through the labours of anthropologists, are not found groping in conscious ignorance amid phenomena that they are aware of not understanding. On the contrary, they have innumerable beliefs, so firmly held as to control all their more important actions. They believe that by eating the flesh of an animal or a warrior it is possible to acquire the virtues possessed by the victim when alive. Many of them believe that to pronounce the name of their chief is such sacrilege as to bring instant death; they even go so far as to alter all words in which his name occurs as one of the syllables; for example, if we had a king named John, we should speak of a jonquil as (say) a George-quil and of a dungeon as a dun-George. When they advance to agriculture, and weather becomes important for the food supply, they believe that magical incantations or the kindling of small fires will cause rain to come or the sun to burn brightly. They believe that when a man is slain his blood, or ghost, pursues the slayer to obtain vengeance, but can be misled by a simple disguise such as painting the face red or putting on mourning.* The first half of this belief has obviously originated from those who feared murder, the second from those who had committed it.

Nor are irrational beliefs confined to savages. A great majority of the human race have religious opinions different from our own, and therefore ground-

less. People interested in politics, with the exception of politicians, have passionate convictions upon innumerable questions which must appear incapable of rational decision to any unprejudiced person. Voluntary workers in a contested election always believe that their side will win, no matter what reason there may be for expecting defeat. There can be no doubt that, in the autumn of 1914, the immense majority of the German nation felt absolutely certain of victory for Germany. In this case, fact has intruded and dispelled the dream. But if, by some means, all non-German historians could be prevented from writing during the next hundred years, the dream would reinstate itself: the early triumphs would be remembered, while the ultimate disaster would be forgotten.

Politeness is the practice of respecting that part of a man's beliefs which is specially concerned with his own merits or those of his group. Every man, wherever he goes, is encompassed by a cloud of comforting convictions, which move with him like flies on a summer day. Some of these convictions are personal to himself: they tell him of his virtues and excellences, the affection of his friends and the respect of his acquaintances, the rosy prospects of his career, and his unflagging energy in spite of delicate health. Next come convictions of the superior excellence of his family: how his father had that unbending rectitude which is now so rare, and brought up his children with a strictness beyond what is to be found among modern parents; how his sons are carrying all before them in school-games, and his daughter is not the sort of girl to make an imprudent marriage. Then there are beliefs about his class, which, according to his station, is the best socially, or the most intelligent, or the most deserving morally, of the classes in the community—though all are agreed that the first of these merits is more desirable than the second, and the second than the third. Concerning his nation, also, almost every man cherishes comfortable delusions. "Foreign nations, I am sorry to say, do as they do do." So said Mr. Podsnap, giving expression, in these words, to one of the deepest sentiments of the human heart. Finally, we come to the theories that exalt mankind in general, either absolutely or in comparison with the "brute creation." Men have souls, though animals have not; Man is the "rational animal"; any peculiarly cruel or unnatural action is called "brutal" or "bestial" (although such actions are in fact distinctively human)*; God made Man in his own image, and the welfare of Man is the ultimate purpose of the universe.

We have thus a hierarchy of comforting beliefs: those private to the individual, those that he shares with his family, those common to his class or his nation, and finally those that are equally delightful to all mankind. If we desire good relations with a man, we must respect these beliefs; we do not, therefore, speak of a man to his face as we should behind his back. The difference increases as his remoteness from ourselves grows greater. In speaking to a brother, we have no need of conscious politeness as regards his parents. The need of politeness is at its maximum in speaking with foreigners, and is so

* See the chapter on "The Mark of Cain" in Fraser's "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament."

* Compare Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger."

irksome as to be paralysing to those who are accustomed only to compatriots. I remember once suggesting to an untravelled American that possibly there were a few small points in which the British Constitution compared favourably with that of the United States. He instantly fell into a towering passion; having never heard such an opinion before, he could not imagine that anyone seriously entertained it. We had both failed in politeness, and the result was disaster.

But the results of failure in politeness, however bad from the point of view of a social occasion, are admirable from the point of view of dispelling myths. There are two ways in which our natural beliefs are corrected: one the contact with fact, as when we mistake a poisonous fungus for a mushroom and suffer pain in consequence; the other, when our beliefs conflict, not directly with objective fact, but with the opposite beliefs of other men. One man thinks it lawful to eat pork, but not beef; another, beef, but not pork. The usual result of this difference of opinion has been bloodshed; but gradually there is beginning to be a rationalist opinion that perhaps neither is really sinful. Modesty, the correlative of politeness, consists in pretending not to think better of ourselves and our belongings than of the man we are speaking to and his belongings. It is only in China that this art is thoroughly understood. I am told that, if you ask a Chinese mandarin after the health of his wife and children, he will reply: "That contemptible slut and her verminous brood are, as your Magnificence deigns to be informed, in the enjoyment of rude health." But such elaboration demands a dignified and leisurely existence; it is impossible in the swift but important contacts of business or politics. Step by step, relations with other human beings dispel the myths of all but the most successful. Personal conceit is dispelled by brothers, family conceit by schoolfellows, class-conceit by politics, national conceit by defeat in war or commerce. But human conceit remains, and in this region, so far as the effect of social intercourse is concerned, the myth-making faculty has free play. Against this form of delusion, a partial corrective is found in Science; but perhaps the corrective can never be more than partial, for it may be that without some credulity Science itself would crumble and collapse.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

(To be concluded.)

FAIRY TALE

Now folds the Tree of Day its perfect flowers,
And every bloom becomes a bud again,
Shut and sealed up against the golden showers
Of bees that hover in the velvet hours . . .

Now a strain

Wild and mournful blown from shadow towers,
Echoed from shadow ships upon the foam,
Proclaims the Queen of Night.

From their bowers

The dark Princesses fluttering, wing their flight
To their old Mother, in her huge old home.

ELIZABETH STANLEY.

SOLILCUIQUES IN ENGLAND

III.—PRAISES OF WATER

THE transformation of landscape by moisture is no matter of appearance only, no mere optical illusion or effect of liquid stained glass. It is a sort of echo or symbol to our senses of very serious events in prehistoric times. Water, which now seems only to lap the earth or to cloud it, was the chisel which originally carved its surface. They say that when the planet, recently thrown off from the sun, was still on fire, the lighter elements rose in the form of gases around the molten metallic core; and the outer parts of this nucleus in cooling formed a crust of igneous rock which, as the earth contracted, was crushed together and wrinkled like the skin of a raisin. These wrinkles are our mountain chains, made even more rugged and villainous by belated eruptions. On that early earth there was no water. All was sheer peaks, ledges, and chasms, red-hot or coal-black, or of such livid metallic hues, crimson, saffron, and purple, as may still be seen on the shores of the Dead Sea or in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—rifts that allow us to peep into the infernal regions, happily in those places at least without inhabitants. This hellish sort of landscape, which we must now plunge into the depths to find, was the first general landscape of earth.

As the cooling progressed, however, the steam that was in the upper atmosphere began to condense and to fall in rain. At first the hot drops no doubt sizzled as they fell and rose again immediately in vapour, yet the meteorological cycle was established notwithstanding. The rain that evaporated descended once more, each time colder and more abundant, until it cut channels amongst the crags, ground and polished their fragments into boulders and pebbles, formed pools in the hollows, and finally covered the earth up to its chin with the oceans. Much detritus meantime was washed down from the rocks; it gathered in crevices and along the pockets and slacker reaches of rivers. This sediment was soaked with moisture and mixed with dissolved acids; it became the first soft layer of earth and finally a fertile soil. Water in this way softened the outlines of the mountains, laid the floor of the valleys, and made a leafy and a cloudy place of the planet.

The sages (and some of them much more recent than Thales*) tell us that water not only wears away the rocks, but has a singular power of carrying away their subtler elements in solution, especially carbonic acid, of which the atmosphere also is full; and it happens that these elements can combine with the volatile elements of water into innumerable highly complex substances, all of which the atmospheric cycle carries with it wherever it goes; and with these complex substances, which are the requisite materials for living bodies, it everywhere fills the sea and impregnates the land.

Even if life, then, is not actually born of the moist element, it is at least suckled by it; the water-laden atmosphere is the wet nurse, if not the mother, of the earth-soul. The earth has its soul outside its body, as many a philosopher would have wished to have his. The winds that play about it are its breath, the water

* e.g., Professor L. J. Henderson, of Harvard, in a book published in 1917 on "The Order of Nature," from which I borrow most of these data.

that rains down and rises again in mist is its circulating blood; and the death of the earth will come when some day it sucks in the atmosphere and the sea, gets its soul inside its body again, turns its animating gases back into solids, and becomes altogether a skeleton of stone.

No wonder that living beings find things that are fluid and immersed in moisture friendly to the watery core of their own being. Seeds, blood, and tears are liquid; nothing is so poignant as what passes and flows, like music and love; and if this irreparable fluidity is sad, anything stark and arrested is still sadder. Life is compelled to flow, and things must either flow with it or, like Lot's wife, be left behind.

G. SANTAYANA.

NOVELS AND PLAYS

AT this moment several plays are being acted in the London theatres which are advertised as having been drawn from novels of some popularity. Although the play-going public is so much larger than the novel-reading public, it has been thought well to announce the fact of their adaptation very prominently, and all the dramatic critics have found it necessary to compare the dramatic version with the original story. Clearly, then, there is some virtue in a dramatized novel—even though it be only an advertising value. But we are told so often that the art of the novelist is different from that of the dramatist that it is rather amusing to see what the professional dramatist does when he seeks to transfer the action of a book to the boards of a theatre. It is, you will immediately observe, the action that is transferred—nothing more. The whole "feel" of the thing is different. For one scene which renders faithfully the emotion of the book there are a dozen in which that emotion has changed hue and significance. The play is a different affair altogether from the novel. Its poise is different, its groupings are different, and its values. Instead of being read in solitude it is played before the eyes. It has new advantages, but it has also new limitations. It is incomparably less complex. I should say it is also incomparably less subtle and less delicate. One can suggest things in a novel which would never be understood instantly and sharply in the theatre.

Possibly it may be that the "relations" in the theatre must be so clear as to be intelligible to the stupidest member of the audience; that is, that only the most obvious conflicts of personality can be rendered without being muffled and lost. And yet, how much a good play that one has read gains by presentation in the theatre! It has an altogether new significance. All sorts of shades of meaning come out when it is performed by good actors (I sometimes wonder if the author has been aware of them, or if his work has not gained immeasurably by its re-shaping in the minds of its interpreters), and a new form comes into its picture. But that can only be if it is a good play, for there is nothing which so exposes the poverty of a bad play as its public performance. If it were not for this fact, the vagaries of judgment on the part of play-producers would be unpardonable. Apart altogether from their critical disabilities—and few actors

seem able to tell a good play, so that one must tread warily in speaking to them as members of the critical public—the producers can only be guided by a sort of rough-and-ready experience of what has been effective on the stage in the past, and it is probably not until "the night" that they can see the thing as a whole. As a class, actors are very simple people, accustomed to instant response to their effort, and dependent upon it. The significant emotion has with them to be translated into significant action and perceived at such a speed, and with such simplicity, that there can be no question of showing conflicting thoughts except by means of movements, glances, tones. The processes are beyond representation.

Now, to a novelist, the processes are often of quite extraordinary importance—even if he is not what is called a psychological novelist who burdens his pages with analysis. All his care in rendering the complexity of thought which gives rise to a series of actions goes for nothing on the stage. It is incommunicable. In adapting a novel for theatrical presentation the dramatic author at best sticks only to the events or incidents of the tale. He changes the psychology of the characters completely, because it is necessary that these characters should be grasped at a glance. He telescopes them. He telescopes scenes, because he has not the command of time that the novelist has. The novelist can extend his action over a long period, but the dramatist has in that case only the resource of that little note in the programme which says that between acts I and II so many days or weeks elapse. He has also to recapitulate things at the beginning of the act and explicitly to remark upon the passage of time. Accordingly, the dramatization of a novel is almost always a shallow and unsatisfactory rendering of something which is only the skeleton of its theme. As a rule, the dramatic version has no soul.

And yet so many people, knowing no better, after reading a novel which has excited or moved them, have a way of supposing that it would make a good play. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The quality which makes a novel seem dramatic is an entirely different thing from the quality which goes to make dramatic effectiveness in the theatre. In a book the emotional reality of the printed words depends upon the degree to which the author makes us identify ourselves with his characters. We read in a dream, and we supply an extraordinary running commentary upon the conflict that is in progress. It is an emotional conflict; a soul is in agony within us. In the theatre we are giving out an entirely different response. It is as though we were witnessing the struggles of loved ones. Only accidental similarity to some situation in which we are at present involved gives us that poignant feeling of personal identification which we make our chief joy in reading a story. In violent action, certain people call out to a character upon the stage that danger threatens. They cry, "Look out, he's behind you!" It is a scene they are witnessing. The emotion must have its symbolic action. Therefore it remains an emotion that we witness and do not seem ourselves to undergo. We are moved, excited, and our hearts beat or our throats grow dry; but it is from sympathy with the doings of others, who are

represented as physical realities before us. We are not ourselves the victims.

So it is that the angle of a dramatized novel has changed. It is rarely a satisfactory play because it is an adaptation of a theme conceived in terms of one branch of art and rather violently translated into the technique of another branch, all the more unlike for the reason that it seems so deceptively like. All that care which the novelist has employed in creating his effect of reality has to go by the board; instead, other means have to be employed to re-create the reality, and a different reality is the result. More often, an unreality is created, for presumably the novelist possesses some peculiar instinct which bids him deal with a certain theme, and this instinct can only be felt at second-hand by the adapter. Besides which, the adapter probably feels some responsibility to the book he is using, and while he may change certain features he cannot fail to be hampered by the need to follow the framework of the book in its main lines. It must ink him to feel that he may not throw over altogether everything that justifies the statement that the play is adapted from the novel. To do that, while keeping the statement intact, would be to challenge unfavourable comment; to use a theme without such acknowledgment might possibly lead to the troublesome affair called an injunction.

Evidently, playwrights should not be novel-readers. Seeing, as they must do, sermons in stones and plays in everything, they must suffer greatly from contact with stories told by means of narrative. And yet recent experience of the activities of the novel-adapter gives rise to the idea that the dramatized novel is both a temptation and a disappointment. If there is one thing more than another that is true about our contemporary fiction and drama, it is that both alike are extremely deficient in—not imagination, as is so constantly said by those who have not examined their terms as closely as they might do—but invention. It is the difficulty of invention that leads dramatists to adapt plays from themes already existing, just as it is a desire for gain that seems to drive those who have written a play nowadays to turn it speedily into a novel with the same name. This is no good thing for the novel or the play. If the two forms are distinct, as we all believe, it is not merely in technique. It is in theme and in conception. Why, then, this new inclination to confuse the two? Nothing good can come of it. We want good novels and good plays, and though miracles have been done medically in the way of transferring vital substance from a healthy body to one less healthy, there is no warrant for supposing that a similar operation can be performed with two branches of the same art, when both are sick with the same complaint. The novel of action is always with us, and the psychological play may at any moment burst upon the world; but the "novelized" play or a dramatized novel is neither one thing nor the other.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

DR. A. E. SHIPLEY, Master of Christ's College and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, has written a diary of his experiences during his recent visit to the United States. This will shortly be published by the Cambridge University Press under the title of "The Voyage of a Vice-Chancellor."

REVIEWS

THE NEW OXYRHYNCHUS PAPYRI

THE OXYRHYNCHUS PAPYRI. Part XIII. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. (Egypt Exploration Fund, Græco-Roman Branch. 25s.)

TO many sorts of readers a new Oxyrhynchus volume brings a pleasant thrill of anticipation. People who care most for "non-literary" documents, Contracts and Private Accounts, must wait in patience for Part XIV, which Dr. Grenfell tells us is in preparation. Theologians will find something, though not very much, in the present volume: a leaf from Tobit, scraps from St. John's Gospel, Acts (a "Western" text), and the "Shepherd" of Hermas, and three fairly interesting fragments of didactic Christian writings, probably hitherto unknown. But a reader who is not a specialist will be more attracted by a diatribe, indited by an unknown author of the fifth or the sixth century, "in a large, sloping uncial hand, with light brown ink," against the female sex. "A wicked woman," he tells us, "is the worst of ills: and the ill is doubled if she has also wealth as an ally to her wickedness."

Others, I suppose, who care most for textual criticism, will turn first to the new versions of familiar authors, especially to the new recension of Theocritus. But for my part, though I am glad to know that theologians and textual critics will find here much that may fit into the pattern of their knowledge, completing it and giving it fresh meaning, like a lost piece of some jigsaw puzzle, it is the possibility of making friends with some new "ancient classic" that makes the advent of an Oxyrhynchus volume so exciting.

What novelty, then, does the present volume offer? First, there is something new from the Greek orators. But the tones are familiar, and most of us will turn from Hypereides, and even from the gracious Lysias, to read with something like a sense of fresh adventure a dialogue of Socrates and Alcibiades. Æschines the Socratic, to whom we owe the record, was rated by the ancients only after Xenophon and Plato among the pupils and biographers of Socrates. Indeed, it was asserted that the master must himself have written the dialogues: they were so true to life. Of the "Alcibiades" we already had some fragments; but the papyrus gives a valuable and amusing supplement. For example:—

How would you like (says Socrates) to have behaved to your parents as Themistocles is said to have behaved to his? Hush, Socrates! . . . But do you think men have to be unmusical before they are musical? . . .

For those who care about education, Oxyrhynchus, I submit, is justified. Those who believe "research" is more important we will refer to the somewhat dreary stretch of the historian Ephorus. They will find it, for all its dullness, quite invaluable, since it tends to show that Diodorus simply copied Ephorus—so that Diodorus grows more reputable as a "source," the more contemptible he proves himself as author—a conclusion gratifying to modern devotees of *Quellenforschung*. Yet lovers of the curious and humane would give all Ephorus for a few more columns of the strange oration "On the Cult of Cæsar," and an explanation of whatever mixture of religious scruple, local jealousy, or even possibly political audacity induced its author to declare, "It is not we who first invented the rites—and that is to our credit. A Nicæan was their founder; no need to speak about his character. . . ." And some of us would throw in Æschines Socraticus as well if we could have more stories from Acusilaos, the logographer of Argos, who composed

a mythological "history" before Herodotus himself. A fragment now published, imbedded in an Alexandrian "work on Literary Criticism," gives us a welcome specimen of the old Argive's style, with its traditional Ionic quaintly lapsing now and then into the author's native Doric. The theme is Cæneus, a king who "claimed to govern by his spear, not like most kings by his sceptre." His strange story is thus told by Acusilaos:—

Poseidon had union with Cæne, daughter of Elatus; then, since it was not holy for them (*sic*) to have children either by him or by anyone else, Poseidon turned her into a man, invulnerable, possessing the greatest strength of all mankind then living: if you stabbed him with iron or bronze, it only put your being beaten past a certainty. Well, he becomes king of the Lapiths. He made war on the Centaurs, and then set up his javelin in the marketplace and ordered people to sacrifice to it. But the gods would not have it. Zeus saw him doing this, and threatened him and set the Centaurs on him. They chopped him down, upright as he stood, down below the ground, and put a rock above him for a tomb, and so he died.

But a find which eclipses all the rest is a portion of a roll containing dithyrambs by Pindar. Fragments of three are given, but it is to the second and longest that I wish to call attention. Its title, "Heracles the Bold, or Cerberus," must delight Professor Ridgeway, though its obviously Bacchic character will not much help that champion of heroes in his endeavour to rob Dionysus of his dithyramb. The new discovery fits three known fragments into place as parts of what appears to be a very noble work of art. Pindar is claiming that he has surpassed all predecessors. Old-fashioned poets made their dithyrambs as drab and same and interminable as a length of cable. Or else, like Lasus (Pindar's music-master, as the story goes, in Athens), they sought for elegance by such a dull device as the avoidance in their composition of the letter "s"! It is in very different fashion that Pindar's choir shall dance and sing. They shall reproduce on earth the rites which the immortals celebrate in heaven. Pindar can teach them how:—

(My singers) know what rites of Bromios are celebrated by the heavenly gods in their own palace-hall beside the sceptre of Zeus. First, by the throne of the Great Dread Mother, is heard a throbbing of drums. With it a rattle of castanets and the sound of torches that flare as they are lit at the yellow pine-brands. And with this—a stirring, a tumult, flashing throats, in a dance, and loud voices of Naiads, wailing, raving, crying battle. And with this—the invincible thunderbolt stirs; it breathes out fire; and the spear of the War God stirs, and the warrior shield of Pallas finds a voice, the voice of the hissing of ten thousand snakes. Then lonely Artemis moves lightly through the midst: she has yoked in the Bacchic revel even lions after their savage kind for Bromios—and Bromios is spellbound at the dancing of even the packs of beasts. I too am inspired and chosen by the Muse as her own herald of skilled poetry, to invoke prosperity on Hellas, land of lovely dancing, and on the city of ponderous chariots, Thebes.

I have tried to show by my version (how inadequately you will see if you will look at the original) the art with which the poet has expressed the imagined scene. He has music and dancing, you remember, to support his words. After the opening roll of drums there are three stages of excitement, each introduced by a recurrent phrase, each bringing a fresh element of music. First, with the drum-notes are heard the clatter of castanets and the swish of great torches kindling to a blaze as they are lit at the modest pine-brands. The dance has begun. The monotony of the inanimate sounds is pierced by the shrill voices of the Naiads, which rise from sobs to frenzied shrieks, and culminate in a battle-cry. Then, with the scene thus set, we perceive that the very thunderbolt of Zeus, the spear of Ares, and the shield of Pallas are increasing the tremendous riot with a strange and terrible voice. Can anything surpass the majesty of this description? Well, Pindar's art is not exhausted. With the tumult at its height, Artemis, the lonely, not thunderously like the rest, but lightly, exquisitely, drives into the hall.

Well may Dionysus stand spellbound. And at such a moment, surely, Pindar, in spite of editors, may be allowed his reference, however "characteristically grandiloquent," to himself. Though he sings his own praise, he has not forgotten why he has a right to claim our plaudits. By the epithets he chooses for Hellas, "land of lovely dancing," and for his own Thebes, "city of ponderous chariots," he recalls both elements of the heavenly Dionysia, linking again, as it were, the treble of the Naiads with the bass of thunderbolt and spear and ægis, the grace of Artemis with the strength and grandeur of the lions that draw her car.

As the editors remark, there is no trace in Pindar's dithyrambs of dramatic dialogue such as Bacchylides has sometimes used. Pindar was writing dithyrambs, not dramas. Yet a student of drama, who wishes to imagine how it was that tragedy, as Aristotle says, could take its rise "from the leaders of the dithyramb," can learn more from Pindar's lyrical technique than from vague expeditions into the ghostly country of forgotten "ritual origins." This description of the heavenly Dionysia deserves comparison with Pindar's famous invocation of Apollo's golden lyre, whose thrilling notes are sounded as a prelude to harmonious and stately measures, and whose music soothes the Gods, robs Ares of his frightfulness, quenches the thunderbolt itself, and puts to sleep the eagle on the very sceptre of Zeus. To that great eulogy of the Apolline music we now have a companion picture of the Dionysiac ecstasy. And Greek tragedy, as Nietzsche divined, is the offspring of both spirits.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

A HISTORIAN OF MODERNISM

MODERNISM: ITS FAILURE AND ITS FRUITS. By M. D. Petre (Jack. 6s. net.)

IT is now some years since the battle of Modernism within the Roman Catholic Church was lost and won. Death has removed one great leader of the movement, another has passed over to a placid secularism that makes him almost as remote from the echoes of the old conflict, a third adherent is absorbed in politics and journalism, a fourth is taking up the cudgels of religious Liberalism in a new communion; there has been time for wounds to be stanchd and pæans of victory to be moderated; above all, a great world catastrophe has supervened and made the struggles that raged round the Encyclical *Pascendi* and the Syllabus *Lamentabili* almost as much past history as the struggles that raged round the Bull *Unigenitus* on Jansenism. The moment might seem to have come for a work of conciliation, for an attempt to distinguish the sound from the unsound elements in the original movement, and to gauge with exactness the bearing and limits of the condemnations pronounced by authority. No one could have been better fitted for such a task, by upbringing, experience and ability, than Miss Petre.

She has not so read her duty. Perhaps such objectivity is too much to ask of the friend, disciple and biographer of George Tyrrell, who still keeps the rooms of her house in which he lived and died set apart as a shrine of memory, only used (as she tells us in her moving preface) to give shelter to exiled Belgian peasants from the flock of Tyrrell's great antagonist, Cardinal Mercier. Thus she has come to write her story of the movement, not as a partisan, for she is above bitterness and conscious unfairness, but still in the spirit of passionate discipleship—not the best spirit for passing judgment on such large and tangled issues. For those who wish to understand the movement truly she may be recommended as an adviser to be consulted rather than a guide to be followed.

What was Modernism? Miss Petre busies herself with this question in a chapter where she joins issue with Mr. Fawkes, who would confine the title "Modernist" to the Liberals of the Roman Communion. She herself finds "Modernists" among the Liberals of all Christian Communions. It seems to us that neither she nor Mr. Fawkes quite hits the true definition. Modernism differs from all cognate liberalizing movements in the historic Christian Churches (and this is a point which Tyrrell recognized clearly even in his latest-written book) in that, whereas the latter aim at reconstructing dogma, Modernism aimed at maintaining it by a new apologetic. Harnack and Loisy were substantially agreed as to the inroads made by criticism on the New Testament narratives that support the creed of Christendom; but whereas Harnack deduced that that creed must be radically transformed in consequence, Loisy in "*L'Evangile et l'Eglise*," the book which gave birth to the real Modernist movement, maintained that by a reinterpretation of its title-deeds the Church could still uphold, intact, the whole structure of its dogmatic system. An exponent of Modernism in this sense, and a brilliant one, is to be found to-day among Anglican thinkers in the person of Mr. Will Spens, of Cambridge, who continues to base a scrupulous vindication of accepted doctrine on a very free treatment of Christian origins and traditions. It was just this claim to reach an orthodox conclusion from startlingly new premises that secured for the Modernists the approbation of certain Anglican circles that had never loved traditional English Latitudinarianism. Hence came charges of inconsistency both at the beginning and at the end, when disillusionment set in.

For the disillusionment came. The schools of Blonde and of Laberthonnière (of whom Loisy characteristically remarked that he translated Blondel into French) seem to have found their quasi-pragmatist metaphysics a satisfactory new buttress for old beliefs. But they did not satisfy their fellow-Modernists. The first edition of "*L'Evangile et l'Eglise*" was difficult to convict of heresy. The second edition was already alarming. The sequel, "*Autour d'un Petit Livre*," contained, among many other danger signals, the following:—

L'évolution de la philosophie moderne tend de plus en plus à l'idée du Dieu immanent, qui n'a pas besoin d'intermédiaire pour agir dans le monde et dans l'homme. La connaissance actuelle de l'univers ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de création? La connaissance de l'histoire ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de révélation? La connaissance de l'homme moral ne suggère-t-elle pas une critique de l'idée de rédemption?

This was not defending theology, but revising it. And the process of revision, in the mind of the writer of the above words, went very far indeed. It may be traced in the pages of his "*Choses Passées*," that relentless autobiography which, alike for its severe beauty of style and its cold lucidity of psychological introspection, places its author in direct succession to the great classical French analysts. Nor has Loisy shown a shadow of regret since he accepted his excommunication. He at least does not deceive himself as to whether he is still a Catholic at heart. Miss Petre herself acknowledges the existence of a "Modernist Left" clamouring for the wholesale abolition of "Christology, Mariology, Demonology, the sanction of an individual life beyond the tomb." Except in their vulgarity they differed little from the last phase of Loisy. Tyrrell, indeed, is a different story. Beyond his grim Swiftian irony, his explosions of unbalanced passion, his vehement inconsistencies, his love of scourging himself—and his friends—there lurked always an *anima naturaliter Catholica*. His own autobiographical fragment is an indictment of Catholicism, but an indictment

by a Catholic. Even the overloaded rhetoric of his "Mediævalism" rings absolutely sincere. He died an enigma rather than a heretic. The issue of the movement as a whole, however, cannot be doubted. It may have given birth to a superior form of Christianity, but in any case it preached a new one, something impossible to identify with the historical religion of that name. In the circumstances it would appear grotesque to deny the Catholic Church the right, possessed by every tiny political or social club, of defining its own conditions of membership.

It is urged—and urged by Miss Petre, with an evident indignation which she nevertheless manages to keep within fitting bounds—that the intervention of authority when it came was needlessly harsh and hopelessly obscurantist. Dr. Inge concluded that "Rome has finished her life." Miss Petre does not go to this length, and there is, perhaps, even better reason for hope than she is willing to allow. We may leave on one side the practical disciplinary measures of the Papacy, which have too much of the flavour of the Latin centralized police state (the *Obrigkeitstaat* dear to the Prussian imitators of Cæsarism) to please Anglo-Saxon palates. They do not go to the root of the question. The anti-Modernist decrees, like the decrees of the Vatican Council, are less formidable in practice than in wording. They appear (as Miss Petre notes) to condemn the theology of Newman, but they were very quickly interpreted from the highest seat as entirely exonerating him. And Newman's theory of development is very bold. Moreover, there exists in France a Liberal school, working side by side with, but not merged in, Modernism, which has produced historians and critics like Duchesne, Batiffol, Tixeront, Vacandard, Boudinhon, Turmel. Individuals of this school have had their brushes with authority (some may have had more deadly encounters of which news has not reached this country), but the school exists, and, when peace makes scholarship possible again, will probably flourish. Among these thinkers liberty of criticism goes as far as is compatible with acceptance of traditional Christian doctrine. If to many this does not seem far enough, they should face the conclusion. A great historical religion is only degraded by being made into a Scaramouche eating its own head.

Certainly there are other things in the spirit of Modernism, for which Miss Petre pleads, that must command respect. Humanity, charity, sincerity, the courageous facing of hard problems, the realization on the part of the hierarchy that they must be true *servi servorum Dei* (we may add the realization on the part of the laity that the tasks of their rulers are not always the simplest in the world)—there cannot be too much of these qualities in any part of the Church that is to survive. These things may be commonplaces, but Miss Petre knows how to express them anew in a style that is not commonplace. Perhaps that is the greatest service she does by her book.

D. L. M.

A NUMBER of pieces of English furniture of the late seventeenth century from Boughton House, Northamptonshire, recently presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the Duke of Buccleuch, have been placed on exhibition in Room 54 of the Woodwork Galleries. They consist of a chest of drawers of figured walnut, a table with spiral legs, an elaborately carved and gilt arm-chair, a mirror with glass ornaments, and other specimens of furniture characteristic of the period. Boughton House, as it now stands, was rebuilt by Ralph, Duke of Montague, late in the seventeenth century, and these pieces of furniture, as well as the splendid bedstead presented by the Duke of Buccleuch three years ago, possess an historic as well as artistic interest, and are invaluable for students.

DEMOCRACY AND EFFICIENCY

THE STATE AND THE NATION. By Edward Jenks. (Dent. 4s. net.)
LE PROBLÈME DE LA COMPÉTENCE DANS LA DÉMOCRATIE. Par
Joseph Barthélemy. (Paris: Alcan. 6 fr. 60.)

THE instincts which make collective action possible among gregarious animals, though they have been studied with some care in recent years, remain still somewhat obscure. A flight of rooks or gulls will wheel to right or left, rise or descend, by a common impulse, almost as though they formed one body. The spectacle is so familiar that few people feel puzzled by it; yet the psychological mechanism by which it is produced is far from obvious. The instinct of common action exemplified by a flock of birds is the root of political psychology; without it, law, state, and social co-operation generally would not be possible. The rational grounds for co-operation are, no doubt, cogent to the reflective person, but are not sufficiently swift and compelling to produce that kind of unanimity which is shown by the rooks and gulls as they fly.

The life of an individual in a gregarious species consists of two parts: the part governed by its private impulses, and the part governed by the collective impulses of the herd. Rooks eating seed on a newly-sown field are acting as individuals: each picks up whatever seeds it can find. But when they are startled by a man come to chase them off, they fly away collectively: fear of an enemy at once brings the gregarious instinct into action.

In order that a State may be efficient, it must be able to appeal to the gregarious instincts of the citizens. This is the first and most essential condition of efficiency. A second condition is that the decrees of the State should be wise, in the sense of being likely to ensure the success of the community if they are obeyed. These two conditions often conflict, and lead to different theories of politics according to the stress laid on the one or on the other.

The State can only appeal to the gregarious instincts of the citizens if it fulfils certain conditions. First and foremost, it must be a national State: the difficulties of government in Ireland will illustrate this condition. Secondly, it must command respect: the average citizen must believe that the men who compose it have better judgment or more political knowledge than he has. For this reason, the spread of education increases the difficulties of Governments, unless the schools and the Press are carefully attuned to promote docility. Thirdly, obedience to the State is enormously facilitated by external conflict or the fear of it, since it is this motive above all others that makes the gregarious instincts active. Accordingly Governments which have a difficulty in securing obedience are tempted to make war or to exaggerate the likelihood of war being made by enemies. But these sources of ready obedience conflict in many ways with the individual intelligence and efficiency of the citizens, and thus, in the long run, with the efficiency of the State. And in fact those States which have aimed too exclusively at producing docility have not, in the end, shown that adaptability to new circumstances which is necessary for success.

Mr. Jenks's book is more concerned with the origin of the State than with present-day problems. Its title is misleading; it ought to be called "The History of Man, from the Missing Link to the next General Election." A great part of his book is taken up with the Middle Ages, and the way in which our political institutions grew out of the contact of Teutonic invaders with what remained of Roman civilization. His subject is rather vast for treatment in

such a small compass, and he seems to us to over-estimate the bearing of mediæval origins upon present-day problems. Apart from this, his book has many merits. His opinions are liberal, and his erudition is very wide. His attitude to the State shows none of that slavish Moloch-worship which has grown common among political theorists, not only in Germany:

The famous apophthegm of Treitschke, "The State is Power," is absolutely borne out by the facts of history; it is only in their monstrous and illogical deduction from this truth that Treitschke and his followers erred. Their doctrine, in brief, was: "The State is Power; therefore fall down and worship it." The true doctrine is: "The State is Power; therefore, while recognizing its value, beware how you allow it to master you." And if the followers of Treitschke demand scornfully: "How do you propose to do that?" the answer is simple: "By the exercise of intelligence." The use of intelligence to circumvent or utilize physical force is the key of civilization."

This attitude to the State leads, in a final chapter, on "Proposals of Change," to a vehement rejection of State Socialism combined with a marked sympathy for National Guilds. And as is to be expected, there is whole-hearted support for the League of Nations.

M. Barthélemy's book is written from a more conservative point of view. Democracy, he says, can no more be resisted than a great natural force like the tides; we must accept it and make the best of it. But one feels that if it were not irresistible he would resist it. He discusses the possibilities of efficiency successively in the electorate, the legislature, the Ministers, and the Civil Service. He advocates proportional representation and compulsory voting. He gives great (though not unqualified) praise to Mr. Lloyd George's remodelling of the Cabinet system in December, 1916. He emphasizes the importance of education in a democracy by an example of its absence:

Among the eighteen hundred members of that Petrograd Soviet which consummated the most ignominious treason that history has known against the Allies and against humanity, against Russia itself, there were sixteen hundred who could neither read nor write.

He only touches very lightly on what is probably the chief obstacle to efficiency in a democratic Government, namely, the fact that the Judges and Civil Servants necessarily, and a great majority of Parliament and the Government hitherto, belong to the economically more fortunate classes, and are likely to be out of sympathy with legislation forced on them by the democracy. Thus administration becomes reluctant and half-hearted. How to combine education with democratic feeling is a problem as yet unsolved. But if it is not solved, insurgent democracy may turn against education, to the great detriment of both. The instance of the Soviet is a case in point, and we cannot feel sure that other nations will long remain exempt from similar occurrences.

B. R.

MESSRS. DENT'S new volume, "The Sea Commonwealth" ("Imperial Studies Series"), which is almost ready for publication, contains reprints of six lectures, namely, "The Sea Commonwealth," by Mr. Julian Corbett; "The Monroe Doctrine," by Professor A. F. Pollard; "Colonial Germany," by Mr. J. E. Mackenzie; "France and Colonial Power," by Professor Paul Mantoux; "The Development of Africa," by Sir H. H. Johnston; and "Problems of the Pacific," by Mr. Basil Thomson.

MISS S. G. TALLENTYRE'S studies in the life and circumstances of Voltaire are to have a valuable addition, to be published by Mr. Murray in the course of the next few days. Her new work is entitled "Voltaire in His Letters." Mr. Murray is also about to publish a further volume, entitled "Odes and Other Poems," by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie.

A CITIZEN OF THE SEA

OLD JUNK. By H. M. Tomlinson. (Melrose, 6s. net.)

THERE are times when one is tempted to make a kind of childish division of mankind into two groups and to say: "These are the men who live on the land and these are they whose home is the sea." Is the division quite idle? Perhaps it were better to say: "These are the men who are ruled by the land and these who are governed by the sea." For you may meet the citizens of the sea far away from their own kingdom, carried away, to all outward resemblance, and absorbed by the immediate life of the land, yet are they never other than foreigners; their glance, however keen and discerning, still is a wondering glance; and what they discover is not the familiarity of things, but their strangeness. They see it all like this because they have just "come off the ship," as it were. For long they have been identified with the moving waters, the changing skies, winds, stars, the dawn running into bright day, and evening falling on the fields of night. This is the life, changing, but ever changeless, in which men live nearest to that which enchants them and to that which threatens to overwhelm them. Here the terrible monotony of ceaseless distraction is unknown; neither can men die that wilful first death to all outward things as they can on land—refusing to look any longer upon the sky or to care whether the wind be foul or fair. But through everything it is the calmness of those sea-governed men which compels us most. Shall we of the land ever be calm again? Shall we ever find our way out of this hideous Exhibition with its lights and bands and wounded soldiers and German guns? There is a quivering madness in all this feverish activity. Perhaps we are afraid that when we do reach the last turnstile we shall push one another over the edge of the world, into space—into darkness.

It is at times like these that we find it extraordinary comfort to have in our midst a citizen of the sea, a writer like Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. We feel that he is calm, not because he has renounced life, but because he lives in the memory of that solemn gesture with which the sea blesses or dismisses or destroys her own. The breath of the sea sounds in all his writings. Whether he tells of an accident at a mine-head, or the front-line trenches in Flanders, or children dancing, or books to read at midnight—if we listen, it is there and we are not deceived. There is a quality of remoteness and detachment in his work, but it is never because he has turned aside from life. On the contrary, he steps ashore and is passionately involved in it. Deliberately he enters into the anguish of experience and suffering; he gives himself to it because of his great love for human beings; yet the comfort of being "lost"—of being just a part of the whole and merged in it—is denied him. He is always that foreigner with keen wondering glance, thinking over the strangeness of it all.

And when life is not tragic, when children dance, or he visits the African Coast, or a lonely little grocer's boy shows him his home-made "wireless," then are we conscious of his unbroken, unspoilt joy in lovely things and funny ones. He is alive; real things stir him profoundly. He has no need to exaggerate or heighten his effects. One is content to believe that what he tells you happened to him and it was the important thing; it was the spiritual truth which was revealed. This is the life, changeless and changing, wonderfully conveyed to us in the pages of "Old Junk." There is a quality in the prose that one might wish to call "magic"; it is full of the quivering light and rainbow colours of the unsubstantial shore. One might dream as one puts the book down that one has only to listen, to hear the tide, on the turn, then sweeping in full and strong.

K. M.

VERSE AND POETRY

WAR LYRICS. By James S. Yates. (Oxford, B. H. Blackwell. 3s. net.)

POEMS. By Charles J. B. Masefield. (Oxford, B. H. Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.)

THE LITANY OF THE SUN. By Irene Hay. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

IS it not inevitable that, amid the strident and unnatural noises of the war, and its prolonged mental reverberations, the voice of poetry should be a still small voice? But out of all the confusion and contention of the last few years, poetry may be heard in clear notes—"few and strong and fine"—from a true mind here and there. It may be heard even from those whose own ears have been stunned with the immediate material strife, though heard perhaps falteringly, and not as yet fully resolved from the dissonance.

Two of the books named in this column suggest another obvious reflection—that many of the younger poets who write of the war are poets because of the war, and are poets only now and then. "War Lyrics" tells us much of Mr. James Yates—how fond he was of poetry, how anxious, and usually how unable, he was to write it. He had a fondness for interspersing lyrics with prose frankly printed as prose. He gives with almost equal frankness his own weaker version of Rossetti's "Sudden Light":

Have we not met?
Within my life thou hadst no place,
Thy face was like another's face,
I never saw thee in the race—and yet,
Have we not met?

He talks about beauty, instead of presenting it, but gradually moves on to a new simplicity in a single line, as, "Go—but remember me"; and then, in the last few pages, written in 1914 and 1915, he shows himself capable of:

When the first drowsy birds of early dawn
Mutter'd Good-morning to the Moon,
I rose, and paced an hour upon a lawn.

It is not a good poem which thus opens, but these three lines show that Mr. Yates was beginning to see and feel and speak for himself when he was killed. He still distrusts his own singing power, and surrounds his verse with prose, but he becomes readable though unequal:

I was bereav'd, in darkness, and alone,
When you came to me breathing gratitude
For things I had not done.

There are verses of a curious poignancy in which he writes of his own sensitive uncertainty in the earlier days of the war:

"Nay, lose not heart, thy work is here,"
My soul contended, "'twas not fear
That brought thee back; thou would'st have gone,
They drew the lots, and thine was drawn."

"But what of those and what of these
All underground and in the Seas,"
(My soul unto herself replied)
"Thy friends, thy lovers, who have died? . . .

"Or what of him who sank at sea?
Do sailors drown'd spell naught to thee?
And him whose Jordan was the Aisne,
Was it for nothing he was slain?"

Of the seventy-five pages of various airs, it is in the last few only that the author's own voice is heard.

Something of the same sudden development is seen in "Poems," by Charles Masefield, who died of wounds in 1917. Pieties and mild satires appear side by side, and fond classical echoes; and there is an ambitious, deliberate poem, "Beauty Cast Out," in which the reader

is conscious of nothing so much as imperfect fusion of thought and emotion when he reads :

O pagan towns :
O Birmingham, idolatrous and blind !
O Liverpool, where aspiration drowns
Beneath the surges and the chilling wind
Of the sea commerce, can your riches clothe your shame ?
O Manchester and Glasgow and Belfast—

and then :

For all else dies
But what is beautiful ; the eternal dark,
Wherein nor moon nor star doth ever rise,
Bends o'er imperial Carthage, but the spark
That lit the soul of Hellas glows unquenched still.
Fast runs the world, and soon the massy gold
Casts from her, but her hungering mind doth fill
With all the loveliness e'er dreamed of old.

There are few verses in this book of later date than 1913, but Mr. Masfield has sounded in them a note not elsewhere audible. He pleads for forgiveness for the ills done in the world, and in the last poem in the volume murmurs :

Oh, till it is, when men lose all, to win ;
Grief though it be to die, 'tis grief yet more
To live and count the dear dead comrades o'er. . .
Living wherever men are not afraid
Of aught but making bravery a parade.

But it is in such a poem as "Candle-light," vivid, direct, dealing with substantial things, and dealing with them in a quiet, simple, and sufficient way, that Mr. Masfield is more plainly discovering his own gifts, even if he shows, too, that he does not know how to stop. In these last pages at any rate, as in those of Mr. James Yates, there is to be marked the passage from verse to poetry, poetry insecurely touched but clearly seen.

"The Litany of the Sun" reveals, or more properly displays, greater accomplishments than these two volumes, but, like them, contains poems as well as exercises ; and it is a pleasure to distinguish the delicate sheep from the negligible goats. Does the author, one might ask, admit the possibility of distinction, or does she distinguish ? There are so many verses here which anybody who has read a little in certain French poets might write :

Tea roses laid in Nankin pottery,
Tall lilies in a sea-green jar of jade
Half hid beneath their delicate parade,
White jacinths set in bronze from Italy,
And lupins lying in an ambushade
Of Indian silver wrought in filigree.

Miss Hay is as yet double-minded. She sings with too fond an exactitude in the manner of "Poems and Ballads," writes of "Chastelard to the Queen," of Ishtar, of "the Secret of Pasht" and other such unrealities ; and then moves on to a better subject and better manner in a sonnet "England in War-Time." But still she does not achieve poetry, nor yet in a happier sonnet "The Other Woman" ; and her volume might be passed as merely verse but for a few lines such as :

From out the harbour of the brain
We launch a thousand thoughts :
And some bear cargoes light and vain,
And some have freight of tears and pain,
And some are manned by Argonauts
Heroic spoil to gain.
But none of those our childish hands
Sent unto nameless, purple lands
Returned across the main.

The anticipation of something true and individual is confirmed in "Christ on Earth," from which we can quote but one stanza :

Yonder upon this English plain
The wind uplifts at morn
Thy myriad-membered Life in grain,
Thy Substance in the corn.

There are other poems in her book in which Miss Hay takes the same direction, and even takes it a little violently, using certain images and symbols with a freedom near to carelessness. She needs to reflect, to brood, to hold every poem to the light, being meanwhile content to remember that this and much more is worth doing if the result is the more perfect lyric which here and there her present collection suggests as possible.

J. F.

REVELATIONS OF WAR

ON FINDING ENGLAND. By Harold Lake. (Melrose. 6s. net.)

THE VOID OF WAR. By Reginald Farrer. (Constable. 6s. net.)

TO nearly all men the war has brought a new vision of the meaning of life. With most of them the vision is too vague to be made articulate. It is not that they have discovered something previously unknown and unsuspected, but they see what they have always known in new relations ; the familiar takes on an unfamiliar shape. It would be indeed surprising if this revelation were the same for all men. Philosophers, like poets, can never do more than express a partial vision ; and men who have become conscious philosophers through the war can do no more than discover something of the nature of those deep-seated, irrational preferences which guide their particular lives. Hence it is not surprising to find that to some men the war has brought something overwhelming in its splendour and that to others it has been the final disillusion. The war has shown at once the nobility and the degradation of man. It is hardly possible to accommodate ourselves to the whole revelation ; we plump for the one or the other aspect as being truly essential. Each of the two present writers has seen the essential nobility of man—more particularly the essential nobility of the Englishman.

To Mr. Lake the war has been an overpowering revelation of the glory of England, of the complete desirability of that unique, indefinable thing we call England. He has come to love his country as passionately as a lover his mistress, and, like a lover, he sometimes stammers in his attempt to convey to others the unique quality of her perfections. He tries, as is only natural, to find reasons for what is ultimately irrational, and it is inevitable that these reasons should sometimes seem unconvincing. We know that these reasons did not convince Mr. Lake. A list of perfections does not awaken love—the list is written out afterwards. Different countries, like different women, are praised in very much the same words, but nobody transfers his allegiance on that account. The war has made clear to Mr. Lake that he is an English patriot, and his chief concern is that England shall rid herself of her uglier features and be remodelled nearer to the heart's desire. His vision of a better England is now very familiar to us. Speeches, pamphlets, books representing that body of thought roughly called "Labour," have made us familiar with most of Mr. Lake's proposals : control of the land by the people (although Mr. Lake does not advocate nationalization) development of agriculture and transport, the abolition of the workhouse, etc. There is nothing very novel about these proposals, and all men of good faith will agree that they are desirable. The author seems to think that the

returned soldiers will bring about these changes: it may confidently be hoped that they will help, but it is apparent that organized labour will have a large share in the process. The assumption that the soldiers will continue to act as a unit, that they will not split up into their old divisions, may be questioned.

At the root of Mr. Lake's book, as of Mr. Farrer's, is the abiding sense of the anguish of the war. They are haunted by the inexpressible suffering they have witnessed. Surely it is not in vain? Somehow it must have been worth while: this infinite pain must lead somewhere and somehow to a consummation which justifies it. Mr. Lake finds this justification, perhaps a little easily, in his vision of a transformed England. Mr. Farrer, with his different training and sympathies, finds it in a more universal and mystical vision.

So I can fairly tell you, that when one is up there, lonely among the unimaginable lonelinesses of the Butte, one does somehow cease to be alone, and cease to be oneself. One is swept away into an annihilating unity, which answers the riddle of the war and its millions of apparent dead. For, as you sit there, it is almost literally as if you could hear the drumming of a universal heart, the pulses of a Buddha booming up towards His birth. . . . Even as heat, growing in intensity, is bound at last inevitably to break into visible flame, so a Buddha is the ultimate visible flame of humanity's increasing glow.

And again:

But what I realize now out here is that our children or our children's children may actually see the Comforter in the flesh. I feel the presence here of so gigantic and heroic an uplift of mankind that the aspiration, the unanimous glory of it, cannot much longer be banked down.

There is something sympathetic and yet strange to us in this manner of expression, and this double quality pervades the book. The author, who appears to have visited the various battle fronts in some civilian capacity, treats himself as a sensitive recording instrument. He is deliberately gathering impressions and expressing them with as exquisite an accuracy as he can. The result is attractive and unfamiliar. It is only gradually that we note the complete absence of the kind of details with which other war books have made us familiar. Detail there is in plenty, but it is the detail of landscape. Except for occasional pages man is present only in the spirit; for the rest it is the landscape of war—those defiled, sinister battlefields of the Somme—that invades our mind. The quality of their desolation, of their primeval desolation, becomes more and more insistent until we almost hear the silence that hangs over these abandoned lands. And encompassing us on every side, witnessed to by every horrible little rise in the ground, is the flaming, gigantic spirit of the new British armies. Perhaps no other war book says so little about the soldier and in no other is he so intensely present. How essential this presence is to Mr. Farrer's effect is seen when we turn to the sections concerned with the French and Italian fronts. Mr. Farrer's pen has not lost its cunning, but something has gone out of his soul. He becomes merely an extremely competent guide to the surrounding country. He admires the French (though with reservations) and the Italians, but it is the unexpected sight of the rosy faces of two English Tommies on an Italian road that shows him that his delicate responses to Italy's war effort and landscape had lacked something. The reader was aware of it long before.

The curious quality of this book lies in the fact that it is at once remote and actual. Everything is intensely seen; a dead Tank, a naked man washing, Thiépvall—everything is immediately lifted up into contemplation,

into some region neither wholly mystical nor wholly rational which gives each separate thing a meaning and bestows a unity upon them all.

J.W.N.S.

THE RIGHTEOUS QUAKER

JOSEPH STURGE: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Stephen Hobhouse. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

A SMALL girl, who met Joseph Sturge at a picnic, towards the end of his life, mistook him for God, because, as she explained, "he was able to look after so many big things and so many little things." A reading of Mr. Hobhouse's book shows that the mistake was pardonable, and perhaps explains a certain non-human aloofness which pervades the life and biography of this most admirable and righteous man. The good Joseph Sturge did in his sixty-five years of life is incalculable and it is not "interred with his bones"; it lives in men's political and social beliefs, in several well-known societies and associations, in Mr. Hobhouse's book, and in a statue of him which the city of Birmingham erected upon the exact spot where he himself intended to put up a drinking-trough for horses and dogs. (It should be added that the memorial combines the statue with the drinking-trough, and "its supporting figures" are those "of Charity and Peace.") The list of things which Sturge looked after thus ranged from the need of dogs for water to the need of the African negro for Liberty, and the need of the world for peace. His activity in putting wrong things right was so perpetual and insatiable that it astonished, and even sometimes annoyed, such an energetic reformer as Cobden. Among the big things which he looked after were temperance, anti-slavery, Chartism and Reform, free trade, education, international arbitration and peace. In the world of politics righteousness and the righteous have to work through what are called "voluntary associations," and the first stage towards abolishing evil is the foundation of a Society. Sturge was therefore always starting or helping to start societies. In the early days of 1827 he joined with Buxton and the Abolitionists in the Anti-Slavery Society, and six years later he was writing to William Forster "proposing that a Society should be formed for the universal abolition of slavery so as to promote 'a general crusade against the accursed system throughout the civilized world.'" Five years later we find his energies occupied in the Anti-Corn Law movement, the Chartist movement, and a new Society, "the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," founded "for the Universal Extinction of Slavery and the Slave-Trade." Political reform compelled him in 1831 to join the "Political Union," and in 1841 to found "The National Complete Suffrage Union." His general crusade against war was carried on in the Peace Society, together with Henry Richard, Cobden, and Bright.

But Sturge's thirst for good deeds was not slaked by the formation of Societies and Unions. He had the rare courage of conviction which impels a man to act, and to act as an individual against conventions. The impulse which one day sent him "into the midst of a large crowd who were watching a prize fight in Edgbaston Fields, with the intention of getting into the ring and dissuading the combatants from fighting," continually recurs throughout his life. It is said that, when Brougham laughed at him for thinking that he could revive the anti-slavery agitation in the 'thirties and put an end to the "apprenticeship" system, saying that he himself would require good proof that the masters were violating the

terms of indenture, Sturge quietly remarked, "Then I must supply thee with the proof," packed his portmanteau, and embarked for the West Indies. Sixteen years later, when he went to Frankfort for an international Peace Congress, the same impulse impelled him to put speeches into practice by leaving Frankfort on that strange embassy of peace to the Governments and armies of Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein, already facing one another on the field of battle. And a few years later it sent him again on the even stranger mission in which the emphatic Quaker tried to avert the Crimean War by religious argument with the Tsar of All the Russias.

This courage of conviction, this simplicity in translating beliefs into action, certainly came to Sturge through his Quaker blood and tradition. That it is an admirable quality is beyond argument; but its effectiveness as an instrument for abolishing evil is doubtful. Sturge undoubtedly helped materially to abolish the iniquitous "apprenticeship" by his journey to the West Indies and the proofs of evil which he brought back in his portmanteau. On the other hand, the prize fight on the Edgbaston Fields went on, and the result of Sturge's intervention was that his clothes were torn and his watch stolen. The Schleswig-Holsteiners went on fighting the Danes, and Kinglake was of opinion that Sturge's argument with the Tsar was one of the main causes of the Crimean War, because it annoyed the monarch.

Mr. Hobhouse's book makes a good addendum and companion to Mr. Hobson's recent study of "Richard Cobden, the International Man." They both deal with that curious movement of men in the first half of the nineteenth century who loved righteousness and pursued it even in politics. The part played by Joseph Sturge in that movement was well worthy of a study by itself. Mr. Hobhouse has performed his task adequately, with a conscientious enthusiasm for his subject. But it must be confessed that his book is a little heavy, a little leaden, a little overshadowed by that conception of righteousness which made Sturge and his fellow-Quakers consider adults who liked oratorios, and children who liked fireworks, as sinners.

L. W.

THE VEIL

I think and think : yet still I fail—
 Why must this lady wear a veil ?
 Why thus elect to mask her face
 Beneath that dainty web of lace ?
 The tip of a small nose I see
 And two red lips, set curiously
 Like twin-born berries on one stem,
 And yet, she has netted even them.
 Her eyes, 'tis plain, survey with ease
 Whate'er to glance upon they please.
 Yet, whether hazel, grey, or blue,
 Or that even lovelier lilac hue,
 I cannot guess : why—why deny
 Such beauty to the passer-by ?
 Out of a bush a nightingale
 May expound his song ; from 'neath that veil
 A happy mouth no doubt can make
 English sound sweeter for its sake.
 But then, why muffle in like this
 What every blossomy wind would kiss ?
 Why in that little night disguise
 A daybreak face, those starry eyes ?

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Science

A ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURE

SINCE the popular lectures at the Royal Institution survive, it is to be supposed that they serve some useful purpose ; we are too good Darwinians to doubt it. A mere secondhand and hearsay knowledge of these lectures might not be sufficient to quell certain doubts—Maxwell's remarks about popular lectures persist in our memory—but an actual attendance suffices to show us that something more than mere inertia is involved in this continuance. For years we had supposed that their function was to turn potential Faradays from bookbinders to men of science, and, in view of that objective, had marvelled at the conditions of membership. We had pictured the famous semi-circular hall crowded with intelligent, eager men, poor for the most part, nourished no such things as Chambers's Encyclopædia, but eager to find in the Royal Institution lectures food for their intellectual hunger and, perhaps, the incitement to a new career. Our democratic sympathies had misled us ; the Royal Institution exists for no such purpose. References to the "distinguished audience" in reports of Royal Institution lectures shattered our illusion ; Faraday's lecture-room became, in our imagination, a place of entertainment for the more eccentric members of the fashionable world, and a department for the supply of "tips" to popular novelists who like to make allusions to modern scientific work. A visit to the Royal Institution has confirmed these suspicions, but has convinced us that they were not premonitory of the whole truth. The lecture was an entertainment for the well-to-do members of the audience, but it was also something more than that.

The lecturer was Sir J. J. Thomson, than whom there is no more distinguished man of science alive, and his subject was Piezo Electricity and its applications. The audience was mixed. A number of impressive-looking, aged gentlemen were prominent in the nearer seats ; there was a sprinkling of women, and the rest were well-dressed men of an indeterminate type. One of the latter was chosen as an indicator—probably quite unfairly—to the kind of interest provided by the lecture. In the year 1703, Professor Thomson informed us, a Dutch jeweller found that certain jewels which had been placed on a fire, attracted ash to their surfaces as the fire cooled. The jewels in this state behave very much like rubbed glass—they acquire, in fact, an electric charge. It occurred to the late M. Curie to investigate this phenomenon. Was it the actual heating or the change in dimensions consequent on heating which gave rise to the electrification ? It was found that mere mechanical pressure on the surfaces of the jewels produced the phenomenon. The crystals of two substances, tourmaline and quartz, were found to manifest the effect in a marked manner. Here the lecturer gave some *sotto-voce* instructions to his assistants. The lights were lowered ; some crystals were pressed, and a spot of light on a screen travelled across it in a most interesting manner. The waning attention of the gentleman chosen as an indicator revived, but promptly lapsed again as Professor Thomson went on to explain that the change produced was directly proportional to the pressure, that quartz manifested no effect when subjected to a hydrostatic pressure, and that there are different kinds of tourmaline. It is sometimes of advantage, he continued, to use the electric charge produced in this way as a measure of pressure, rather than the ordinary mechanical devices. This is especially true in the case of intense pressures which last for a very short time—a few thousandths of a second—such as we get in explosions. At this word there was a marked

increase of attention on the part of the indicator. From this point onwards his attention seldom wavered as the Professor went on to describe a characteristically ingenious apparatus. The crystal, which is inserted in the vessel in which the explosion occurs, is connected to two metallic plates placed opposite one another and parallel to the axis of the vacuum tube which contains them. A stream of electrons is shot between these plates and is deflected from its normal striking-point when the plates acquire an electric charge due to pressure on the crystal. Since the velocity of the electrons composing the stream is 6,000 miles per second and the length of the electrified plates is only one inch, very rapid changes in electrification, due to very rapid changes in pressure, may be measured by the apparatus. To produce a "curve" on the photographic plate struck by the stream, the photographic plate may be moved at right angles to the direction of deflection. This would be cumbersome in practice, and therefore an alternating magnetic field (alternating in order to keep the path within the limits of the plate) was used to produce the motion at right angles. The method of "untwisting" the curve obtained in this way was then referred to by the lecturer. His exposition was that of an artist in explanation, and the ingenuity of the apparatus gave one the pleasurable satisfaction of a finished work of art. But the indicator, at this point, had his last and most severe lapse into boredom. Not all Professor Thomson's lucidity could disguise the fact that the subject was getting complicated, and the indicator watched lantern-slides showing the time-distribution of pressure in explosions of oxygen and hydrogen under different conditions with a lack-lustre eye. Then came a dramatic change. This method can teach us much, continued the lecturer, about explosions in various forms of petrol engines, and—he used the chest notes—in *guns*. The last trace of hesitation vanished from the face of the indicator. There really *was* something in Piezo electricity. His whole bearing expressed relief and animation. When we left he was examining some tourmaline crystals on the lecture table with the greatest curiosity. S.

THE ART OF DEFINITION

INTRODUCTION TO MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT has long been accepted that it is an excellent rule in discussion to define one's terms. It is true that there are people who rebel against this dictum, who assert that truth resides in the vague. Truth of this quality, however, cannot be successfully communicated; it may serve the purposes of private meditation, but not of discourse. It remains true that for successful discussion the definition of terms is useful. Mr. Russell is alive to the need of definitions to a quite extraordinary degree. His peculiar power consists in discovering ambiguities in statements that seem clear to other people; he is an unmatched splitter of hairs. This may seem faint praise, but there is no more useful service to be performed in philosophy at the present day. Many a philosophical puzzle really depends upon a subtle ambiguity in its statement. The old logic, once thought infallible, is now in somewhat the same position as Euclid. Just as the new geometries find Euclid's assumptions by no means necessary, so the new logic questions the assumptions embodied in the old forms of reasoning. There is even a connection between the two movements, for mathematical philosophy is only the youngest child of the vast critical movement started by Lobachevsky and Bolyai. This criticism spread from geometry to analysis, and has now reached logic itself. In this volume Mr. Russell has endeavoured to give, in non-technical language, an

account of this criticism as it affects arithmetic and logic. He has been remarkably successful.

The chief engine of the new logic is the propositional function. The propositional function is analogous to a mathematical function; like the latter, it contains one or more variables. The difference is that the values of the propositional function are propositions. Thus " x is human" is a propositional function. It becomes a proposition, true or false, when x is fixed. If Socrates be put for x , it becomes a proposition which is true; if Mont Blanc be put for x , it becomes a proposition which is false. Any mathematical equation is a propositional function. There are propositional functions which are true in all cases; for instance, "if x is human, x is mortal," which is true whether x is a man or not. Another example may be obtained from the syllogism: All men are mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal. The logical proposition, which is only suggested by the syllogism, is: the propositional function "if all a 's are β and x is an a , then x is a β ," is always true. All the primitive propositions of logic consist of assertions that certain propositional functions are always true. Propositional functions may contain several variables, and, still pursuing the mathematical analogy, we may have functions of functions. The two great advantages possessed by the propositional function over the older logical forms are that it avoids ambiguity and aids generalization. For an example of the first the reader is referred to the discussion of existence in the chapter on "Descriptions," and for an example of the second to the chapter on "Classes." It would be impossible to give even a greatly abridged account of these discussions within the limits of this review; the reader will probably find Mr. Russell's own account quite sufficiently condensed. Admitting, however, that the use of the propositional function leads to a real improvement in logical method, it is interesting to notice the light it throws on the *formal* element in logic and mathematics. In the example just given, for instance, of a propositional function derived from a syllogism, it will be noticed that no specific things or properties are mentioned. It is the *form* which is the vital thing. We see more clearly what is meant by form when we consider two propositions such as "Socrates is earlier than Aristotle" and "Napoleon is greater than Wellington." These two propositions have the same form; they belong to a certain class of propositions, namely, those asserting relations between two terms. Their form, as Mr. Russell writes it, is xRy , meaning " x has the relation R to y ." We may say that logic, or mathematics, is concerned only with forms. Since the form of a proposition is independent of its constituents we are led to consider the possibility of expressing propositions without the use of words.

Assuming—as I think we may—that the forms of propositions can be represented by the forms of the propositions in which they are expressed without any special word for forms, we should arrive at a language in which everything formal belonged to syntax and not to vocabulary. In such a language we could express *all* the propositions of mathematics even if we did not know one single word of the language. The language of mathematical logic, if it were perfected, would be such a language.

It is the latter part of the book which deals with these notions. The first part deals with more purely mathematical questions. In this section the notion of class is assumed as primitive, but it is related to the propositional function in the penultimate chapter. Number is defined as a class of classes. The number 3, for example, is the class of all trios; a trio is an instance not of number, but of the number 3, and the number 3 is an instance of number. The number 0 is defined as the class whose only member is the null-class, the null-class, of course,

having no members. Before, however, we know that classes have an equal number of terms (we say, for instance, that all trios have an equal number of terms) we must know what we mean by "equal." The number of terms in two classes is said to be equal when there is a one-one relation between the terms of the two classes. It is difficult to find fault with this definition but the reader will find that all those paradoxical properties of the infinite cardinal numbers investigated by Cantor are inevitable consequences of it. We have no space to mention more than a very few points in this book. Mathematical students, however, may be specially referred to the two brilliant chapters on "Limits" and "Continuity." We should have liked, if it had been possible, for Mr. Russell to have said rather more about the very important doctrine of Types. It is probable, however, that those readers who find the present volume insufficient will be led to the study of Mr. Russell's larger work. This book does not claim to treat exhaustively the subjects it deals with, but Mr. Russell has been entirely successful in presenting the elements of his difficult subject in a thoroughly readable manner.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

THE HUMAN MACHINE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. By Frederic S. Lee. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

IT is only within recent years that the employer has come to regard the working man purely as a machine. Even yet this conception is not universal. The question of fatigue, the effect of periods of rest, the effect of food, the comparison of nightwork with daywork, are all matters which have received but scant investigation. Apart from the purely technical difficulties attending these researches there is at times a curious restiveness on the part of the employee. He does not see, as clearly as the advanced employer sees, that he is a machine, and that his adaptation to his work will be increased when his various reactions are properly tabulated. As Dr. Lee says:

The difficulties of applying any method to industrial workers, who are unacquainted with scientific experimentation and many of whom are impatient of devoting their time to mysteries of the meaning of which they are ignorant, are much greater than with trained laboratory subjects.

Nevertheless, valuable data have been collected. In the earlier part of the book Dr. Lee shows, by means of curves of output, that fatigue does occur and that the employee works better after he has had a rest. In view of the importance of this conclusion we could wish, perhaps, that the evidence were more complete. Lack of food, light and ventilation was also found to reduce output. Some very interesting figures are given showing the relation of total output to length of working day. In many cases a reduction in hours leads to an increase in hourly and total output. Dr. Lee thinks that a maximum day of eight hours is indicated for most industries. The human machine is then working at its highest efficiency. This efficiency is greater during the day than during the night, for which reason nightwork should, whenever possible, be avoided. The measures which increase efficiency decrease also the number of industrial accidents. There is a marked similarity between the curves of fatigue and those of accidents. Accidents occur more frequently when the machine is fatigued, and:

Accidents, however caused, are a serious bar to the efficiency of the human machine, quite apart from their direct pecuniary cost to the employer.

A discussion of the various hindrances to efficiency leads Dr. Lee to the general conclusions that the human machine should not be made to work too long, should have at least half-an-hour for lunch, should work in a properly ventilated workshop, should eat proper food and be provided with comfortable housing. It is a remarkable tribute to the scientific insight of the trades unions that, without having in their possession the figures and curves on which Dr. Lee bases his conclusions, they have been agitating for precisely these conditions. The objective of the trades unions is different from that of Dr. Lee, it is true; they assert that the worker should be a more complete human being. It is a striking instance of the coincidence of apparently different interests that the fulfilment of their demands should also make the worker a more complete machine.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—April 10.—Sir Arthur Evans, President, in the chair.—Mr. E. Thurlow Leeds read a paper on the megalithic tombs of Spain and Portugal, illustrated by lantern-slides of the principal monuments dealt with.

The ever-recurrent interest displayed in the question of the origin or distribution of burial in megalithic tombs seemed to call for a more up-to-date survey of the material at present available from the Iberian peninsula, more particularly in view of the prominent geographical position of those countries in the European megalithic chain. Such a survey showed (i) that among the megalithic tombs in Spain and Portugal, three, if not more, distinct types or stages could be recognized; (ii) that the distribution of those types or stages seemed to coincide with well-defined areas; (iii) that an examination of the contents of the tombs, so far as such were available for study, pointed in the one direction to a gradual advance from a neolithic to a calcolithic culture, in the other to the possibility of a backward state of civilization in certain parts of the peninsula; and (iv) that the part played by the Iberian peninsula during the spread of megalithic culture in Europe was much more obscure than was ordinarily supposed, and the usually accepted theories or conclusions on this point hardly fitted in with the picture presented by the facts so far known.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 7.—Sir James Crichton-Browne (Treasurer and Vice-President) in the chair.—The decease of Sir James Mackenzie Davidson, a manager of the Institution, was announced, and a resolution of condolence with Lady Mackenzie Davidson and the family was passed. Miss A. Campbell, Mr. C. B. D. Campbell, Mrs. E. H. Campbell, Mr. J. D. Campbell, Mr. R. G. Campbell, Mrs. E. Davies, Miss H. M. Douglas, Mr. G. K. B. Elphinstone, Mr. J. W. Evans, Mr. C. W. Hawksley, Captain A. J. Hollick, Lord Leigh, Miss I. H. Mond, and Mr. R. A. Yule were elected members.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

WED., 23. British Numismatic, 8.—"Notes, Documentary and Numismatic, on the Trials of the Pyx," Mr. L. A. Lawrence.

THURS., 24. Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Coinage of Aurelian," Mr. P. H. Webb.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter:—Professor Arthur Keith, four lectures on British Ethnology: the People of Wales and Ireland. Professor W. H. Bragg, two lectures on Listening under Water. Dr. H. S. Hele-Shaw, two lectures on Clutches. Professor Frederick Keeble, two lectures on Intensive Cultivation. Sir Valentine Chirol, two lectures on the Balkans. Professor H. S. Foxwell, two lectures on Chapters in the Psychology of Industry: 1. Fourier and other Pioneers in the Movement for the Humanizing of Industry. 2. Modern Industrial Organization: where it fails to observe the Humanities of Industry, and the Results. Mr. J. Wells, two lectures: 1. Caesar's Personal Character as seen in his Commentaries. 2. Caesar as a General. Mr. Julius M. Price, two lectures on the Italian Front. The Friday evening meetings, at 5.30, will commence on May 2, when Professor John W. Nicholson will deliver a discourse on Energy Distribution in Spectra. Succeeding discourses will be given by Sir George Macartney, Dr. S. F. Harmer, Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, Sir John Rose Bradford, and Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford.

Fine Arts

EXPLORATIONS AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE

I.

LONDON is experiencing the peculiar pleasure which one gets on turning out a long-locked drawer and discovering its half-forgotten treasures. The objects one turns out gain for a day or two at least a quality they never had before: they gratify at once the conflicting joys of novelty and familiarity. We really can look at them again, and it is hard even for an artist to look at what he sees constantly. Moreover, we bring them out into new places, set them in different rooms where an unexpected light reveals entirely new aspects. Just now every fresh visit to the National Gallery is a voyage of exploration, as the Director brings up one by one from the bowels of the earth the masterpieces which we once knew too well to see clearly.

The first surprise on my last visit was Domenico Veneziano's great "Madonna Enthroned," which now dominates the entrance hall of the main gallery. I cannot say one sees it well, for it is very dark, and the reflections in the glass are distressingly bright. Perhaps it is better not to see this picture too well, for it is a wreck. It was once a fresco exposed to the blazing light of a Florentine street. It is now an oil painting, so thickly and heavily has it been repainted to hold together what remains of the crumbling original. I can scarcely suppose that one square inch of it retains exactly its original colour, though it may always have been subfusc and rather gloomy. But what no repaint has destroyed is the design; and this is in the grand style which for twenty years or more distinguished the little circle of Veneziano's group. Castagno, Uccello, Baldovinetti, and their Umbrian ally Piero della Francesca all had the secret. They could build figures—everything they did had something of architectural symmetry—of overpowering majesty without straining a gracious suavity of rhythm. They could convey the idea of pure simplicity with the assurance of perfect science. Veneziano was the least of the group, and, but for this one work in the National Gallery and the two heads which belong to the same fresco, we should not have known his power. It was, perhaps, more by infection from the greater members of his group than by innate originaive force that he attained to this height; but, whatever the cause, this picture imposes itself. The figure with its great rounded-oblong forms is curiously buttressed on either side by the great marble rounds inlaid in the wings of the throne. Was it, one wonders, just good fortune that Veneziano painted this before his compeers had made the discovery that the perspective view of a circle was an oval? Or did he deliberately choose that traditional view of it as an oblong with rounded corners that Byzantine art had consecrated, that Chinese artists never have abandoned, and that in our own age Cézanne re-established in his pursuit of similar constructive aims? In any case, it is fortunate, for these forms harmonize with the type and movement of the figure as no others

could. Again, at the Virgin's feet a similar alliance is established between the human and architectural forms. Altogether it is a splendid discovery of the expressive qualities of proportion, and one that could have happened only in Florence at the moment when Brunelleschi was creating the architectural language of modern Europe, the echoes of which still linger even in the architectural gibberish of a Sir Aston Webb.

The National Gallery is really fortunate in having so many examples of this group of the most convinced and intransigent artists of the early Quattrocento in Florence. The Uccello, for instance, is perhaps the completest expression of his genius that is left to us. It is certainly by far the finest of the series of battle pictures which once decorated the Medici-Riccardi Palace.

In that perpetual revaluation of the old masters without which they would become spiritually dead, Uccello has shared more than most. I can remember long ago feeling slightly apologetic for my great liking for this picture. It was useless to pretend that it fulfilled the requirements of the aesthetic of those days. It was clearly not dramatic; there was in it no rendering of the psychology of strife which occupied Leonardo da Vinci's too ingenious mind. There was, in fact, no theory, no point of view, no literature to be got out of it. It was decorative, exquisitely and nobly decorative no doubt; but it remained, one had to admit with regret, considering how intensely one liked it, in the category of minor art—it could not rank with Titian, Michelangelo, and Leonardo. Now at least our aesthetic will no longer obstruct the verdict of our senses in such a work as this; the merest beginner in connoisseurship might confess to liking it better than Michelangelo's Pietà without fear of having to blush. What has set us free to make such judgments has been the recognition that, however great a part the echoed emotions of life—such as the intoxication of hate and the lust of battle, here so conspicuously absent—may play in our reaction to a picture, the most valuable and the most characteristic emotions aroused by a work of art are those that emanate from purely formal relations. So, after all, Uccello, with his rocking-horses, his toy knights and his geometric landscape, may land us in a higher sphere of imaginative experience than the most dramatic representation could; after all, Uccello's passion for abstract problems is justified to our eyes, though it seemed to be a perverse infatuation to men of sound common sense like Vasari.

Another reason for our changed attitude comes from our sympathy with the researches of a group of modern artists into problems of form which curiously resemble those that diverted Uccello. Whenever the creative impulse is really strong among artists, the desire seizes them to get behind the forms of actual objects, to create them afresh as it were from within, instead of accepting them as ready made. In Uccello's case this was accidentally and quite illogically identified with the idea of perspective. The error was, however, natural enough. Since by the principles of perspective it was possible to create *de novo* the imagined picture space, it might also be possible, by pushing the study far enough, to create the similitude of the forms of objects within space. Where merely geometrical

forms were in question this was feasible enough; but when it came to the complexity of the human body the necessary construction could only be made by reducing these forms to a simple geometrical abstract, in fact by Cubism; and that Uccello was a Cubist up to a point will be evident to anyone who looks at our battle picture closely enough to see through the thin covering which he laid over the original Cubist construction. The error was not in thinking this feat impossible, though the mind boggles at the amount of calculation it must have entailed; it lay in thinking that, if mere reproduction of the appearances of objects in three-dimensional space was the aim, the artist was likely ever to reach the same pitch of verisimilitude as he could by empirical methods of observation and imitation. The modern Cubist is of course occupied with other purposes than representation; what he seeks is a stricter co-ordination, according to laws of pure design, of the various planes of objects. In point of fact, one has only to look at Uccello to see that, however much he may have aimed at verisimilitude, the instinct for pure design was so strong in him that he did in fact use Cubism almost exactly as the moderns do, in order to facilitate the construction of a completely unified and logical design. As far as verisimilitude goes, he stays far behind the more empirical artists of his time.

The question whether the objects in a picture are related according to the laws of perspective or not is of course entirely irrelevant to its æsthetic value. In practice the adoption of perspective by Western art has probably been a hindrance rather than a help to artistic expression, but the peculiar mental tension of the artists who first discovered its laws, and the practice it gave them in the handling of geometrical abstracts of natural form, may well have been entirely stimulating. When that stimulation coincided, as it did in Uccello's case, with a quite peculiar and passionate feeling for the logic of design, it made him one of the supreme organizers of form, and so, for all the narrow intensity of his technical research, one of the greatest and purest of imaginative artists.

ROGER FRY.

Pictures and drawings by old masters were the principal features of the sale at Christie's on April 11. They were from the collections of Lord Belper, the late Earl of Camperdown, the late Sir Francis Beaumont Palmer, and some others. There was a noteworthy series of religious works. Those of the Early Catalan School—four of the legend of St. Ursula and three others—realized a total of £2,394. A triptych of the school of Gheerard David fetched £525, and a picture of the Early German School £472. The chief item, however, was a Madonna and Child by Roger van der Weyden, 32in. by 27in., for which 4,000 guineas was paid. This was the highest price of the sale.

Romney's seated portrait, a yard high, of Mrs. Freeman in red dress, white fichu and black cloak, brought £2,467 10s. Other pictures realizing 1,500 guineas were the self-portrait of Rembrandt on a panel 18in. by 15½in., and the Raeburn portrait of Miss Charlotte Monro, belonging to Captain Alan Ferrier, her great grandson.

A curiosity of the sale was a grisaille panel, 29½in. by 41½in., of Dutch men-of-war, boats and figures by W. van der Velde, £629. A portrait of a cavalier, signed in monogram and dated 1667 by B. van der Helst, fetched £892 10s. A large woody landscape, rather dark, by P. Koninck, was sold for £1,260.

Among the smaller pictures at lower prices was Goya's portrait of Don Quixote, in green dress, so now described, and sold for £210. This was bought in 1911 for £78 15s. and exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in 1913-14. A little panel landscape by J. van Ruysdael went for £131 5s.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

THE ADELPHI GALLERY. Carlo Norway.

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES. Landscapes by Oliver Hall. Paris and Versailles. Water-colours by Capt. W. G. de Glehn.

General Allenby's Forces in Palestine and Syria, by T. C. Dugdale.

THE LONDON GROUP, at the Mansard Galleries (Heal & Son).

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

MR. CARLO NORWAY is blessed (or cursed) with too exuberant an imagination. It buffets him here and there at its sweet will, carrying him now into one method of expression, now into another, into stencils, line cuts, painted glass, wall-papers, ap-liqué work, and even wall-paper—into experiments with impressionism, conventionalism, caricature, symbolism and hints of futurism, without showing any decided drift in any direction. Yet through all this waywardness shows a distinct mark of talent. Indeed, if he had been less talented, had things come more hardly to him, he might have confined himself to some narrower field and driven a straighter furrow. His two designs for chintz and wall paper are most pleasing, while the large portrait (14) is a well-considered piece of colour and simplification. We like best, however, his "Home on the Fiord" (25). In this he has concentrated his powers to more unity than in any other of his works; he has been (or so it seems) a little less conscious that he was creating a work of art.

The catalogue of the London Group is prefaced by a memorial of the late Harold Gilman, who, to the great regret of every one who knew him, died during the last influenza epidemic. He was just entering upon a new phase of his art, and there is no doubt that England has lost an artist of fine perceptions and broad sympathies. We are glad to hear that a memorial exhibition of his work will shortly be held at the Leicester Galleries.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colour is now scarcely ever exhilarating. This year it has only one picture of any distinction. "Woodchester" (186), by Mr. H. A. Payne, a disciple of the national water-colourists with a sensitiveness for English landscape, is essentially England. Mr. Cayley Robinson's "Going out with the Tide" (49) is sensitive in colour; but the composition is rigid. There is no feeling of "going out" in it. Amongst the welter of artifice here shown, one looks with relief at "Tewkesbury Tower" (97) by Mr. T. M. Rooke. Stilted though this picture is, there are yet evidences of love in the work. Though the artist has hunted every brick to its resting-place, yet he produces a feeling of weight and of solidity. In years to come, if, when some of the aura of his brilliance has worn off, Mr. Sargent's drawing (144) were hanging beside this, both perhaps a little mildewed and fly-blown in the corner of some junk-shop, the curious amateur of taste might prefer this evidence of careful though prosaic love to the reckless brilliance of the Sargent.

J. G.

The three days' sale of the third section of the works of Edgar Degas began at the Galerie Georges Petit in Paris on April 7. No record of the third day's sale has yet reached us. The total for the first two days was 408,870fr. This included: Un buste de jeune homme, 7,000fr.; une étude de jockeys, 5,300fr.; le Ballet, 4,900fr.; deux études pour miss Lola au Cirque Fernando, pastel, 3,200fr.; trois portraits d'hommes, 5,700fr.; deux études de danseuses, 5,500fr.; études de jockeys, 4,000fr. et 3,500fr.; études de femmes, 4,900fr.; Jeune femme assise mettant ses gants, 8,100fr.; Jeune fille couchée sur l'herbe, 5,900fr.; étude de mains, 7,000fr.; Danseuse, 5,050fr.; la Garde-malade, 5,000fr.; le Bal, 5,200fr.; Danseuses en scène, charcoal, 3,050fr.; Après le bain, 3,500fr.; Danseuse au bouquet, 4,350fr.; Tête d'homme, 2,300fr.; Jeune femme à sa toilette, 2,250fr.; Jeunes filles au piano, 2,100fr.; Tête d'homme et études pour un Portrait de femme, 2,190fr.; Au café, 1,800fr.; Deux danseuses vues en buste, pastel, 2,900fr.; Danseuses au repos, 1,750fr.; Etude de nu (deux jeunes femmes), 2,600fr.

Music

THE OPERATIC FORMULA

THOSE who are always clamouring for a National Opera subsidized by the State should devote some careful study to the Beecham Opera at Drury Lane. They should go not once or twice, but many times, if they can get in, and consider seriously how far it fulfils the conditions that they desire. There is a crowded house for every performance, and one therefore hopes that the season at least pays its way, if it does not turn over a handsome profit. If private enterprise can achieve this, why call in the aid of the Government? The Beecham Opera has now reached a stage when it can be fairly well compared with the state-aided opera-houses of the continent. And to judge of the artistic value of those opera-houses we must not view them from the standpoint of the casual cosmopolitan tourist who has happened on Strauss at Dresden, Mozart at Munich, or any other isolated performance of characteristic interest. It is a very different matter to spend six months or more in one of these places and regard the repertoire as a whole. The cosmopolitan musician easily forgets the dreary routine of a German court opera. One does not go to Dresden or Munich to see "Carmen," "Pelléas" or "Louise," nor to Paris to see "Freischütz" and "Meistersinger." Opera in a foreign language has a certain glamour that falsifies judgment. The effort, however slight it may be, of listening to a strange tongue helps us to forget the world of everyday and to accept the operatic world as the reality. It intensifies the sense of local colour, in cases where local colour is of importance, and it may help to concentrate the mind on the purely musical significance of the drama—I do not mean on the music as apart from the drama, but on those aspects of the drama which only music has the power to express.

A prolonged season of opera in English gives us some idea of what a continental opera-house gives to its habitual audience. The glamour of the foreign singer and the foreign language is gone. All operas, French, Russian, German or Italian, become as it were reduced to a sort of artistic "sea-level." This is no disparagement of the Beecham Opera. Its standard of performance is uniformly high in every respect. Its repertoire is not large, but it is comprehensive; and for versatility the company are far superior to any continental corporation. For we have practically no tradition of English opera on the grand scale. English opera singers have been trained almost entirely on foreign works, many of them on foreign or at least on polyglot stages, and the result is that of such tradition as exists this very versatility forms a principal ingredient. It is certainly not the performers who are reduced to "sea-level"; it is the operas themselves. Some of them even gain considerably by being interpreted in an English fashion. "Manon Lescaut" is a clumsy piece of work. It starts by pretending to be French, and ends in a thoroughly Italian vein of coarseness. Manon herself hardly exists at all; she is crowded out by a series of tiresome trivialities, as boring to her, by her own statement, as to us, and finally is shouted down by her roaring tenor. But Sir Thomas Beecham can make even Puccini appear elegant. Mr. Austin as Lescaut gives the heavy recitative the lightness of spoken dialogue, and Mr. Webster Millar is the most exquisite and debonair Des Grieux that ever went off with seven pretty ladies "to populate America!"

One of the strongest points of the company is the excellence of the diction, particularly among the male

singers. Indeed, it is almost too good at times, as when the captain of the ship asks his embarrassing question of Des Grieux, or when Shuisky hurries into the council chamber of Tsar Boris with the fatally natural words, "I fear I'm rather late; I'm sorry, sirs, if I have kept you waiting!" On the whole, however, the English translations are good. The clearness of the diction is itself a proof of this. It is the weakness of the original librettos that is so often incapable of disguise.

If any English poet is contemplating the construction of a libretto, Drury Lane can offer him plenty of examples how not to do it. Yet though there are a few people who take enough interest in literature to criticize a libretto, the majority of the public seems completely indifferent as to whether it is good or bad. Even Bizet's "Fair Maid of Perth," which might have been written as a parody of a libretto and composed as a parody of an opera, provoked thunders of applause, which Sir Thomas Beecham acknowledged with that supreme art in which he is hardly rivalled even by M. de Pachmann and Mme. d'Alvarez. It is curious that although many books have been written about the history of opera, there has been next to nothing said about the principles of constructing a libretto. The ideal opera would be one in which the audience were always conscious of the sense without being distracted by the sound of the words. It is a mistake to suppose that what is generally called a strong plot makes a good opera. A plot that depends on "situations" and surprises necessitates a great amount of explanatory statements, and it is the explanatory statements which often bring the opera to wreck. An opera should, if possible, treat some story that is too well-known to need explaining, so that both the librettist and the composer may concentrate their efforts on the poetical and formal aspect of it. It was for this reason that more than one of the old composers seized on the legend of Orpheus, an allegory of music itself. It was the commercial-minded Venetians of the seventeenth century who went for prosaic opera and "strong plots." But their strong plots soon became purely conventional and reducible, as a learned German historian reduced them, to an algebraic formula. As in "The Fair Maid of Perth," the names of the characters are of no consequence. They have no individuality; they are merely soprano, contralto, tenor and bass. Metastasio lifted the libretto on to a higher plane by treating the famous stories of antiquity with a severe sense of formal design, and as these were set over and over again by different composers, they must have been as familiar to audiences as the tale of Orpheus.

The librettist in search of a subject might well start trying new experiments in a modern style with the Orpheus legend, or if he prefers a comic subject, with that of Don Juan. It is absurd to imagine that Gluck and Mozart have said the last word in the matter. What we want in opera is not the formalism of Puccini's librettists, thinly disguised with a veneer of modern colloquialism, nor the confused shapelessness of "Boris Godunov," but a sense of form and design that will treat an opera as an organic whole, both from the poet's and from the musician's standpoint. There is more chance of achieving something really new and beautiful by starting afresh from ancient sources than by copying the faded fashions of yesterday.

EDWARD J. DENT.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have nearly ready the second volume of Mr. George Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel," which covers the period from 1800 to the end of the nineteenth century. The subject is one of great interest to an increasing body of English readers who appreciate the thoroughness, the great knowledge, and the enthusiasm with which it is treated in this exhaustive study.

CONCERTS

THE Lotus Ladies' Orchestra, conducted by Mrs. Douglas Hoare, made its début at Wigmore Hall, on April 7, assisted by such able artists as Miss Adela Verne and Mr. Fraser Grange. The programme was correctly described as "light." The strings were good; the wind was also quite efficient. The conductor would do well, however, to moderate the exuberance of drum and triangle. Miss Adela Verne was in excellent form, and played with perfect nuance and grace. Mr. Fraser Grange sang with his customary power and expression. Further study would probably help Miss Gladys Marlowe to overcome a husky quality of tone—also a tendency to tremolo effect. Miss Nancy Phillips played the violin quite efficiently, and possesses a good tone.

Mr. Herbert Fryer, at his recital on April 7, presented a very well-designed programme of the less frequently performed works of Chopin. His playing is always clear and musicianly; he avoids all affectation or exaggeration, and allows Chopin to speak for himself.

Mr. Peter Gawthorne has a pleasant voice, which he produces well, and a very clear enunciation. His programme on April 8 was devoted largely to songs of a chattering character, but he was at his best in the quieter and more sustained items. He would do well to cultivate a more *legato* style of singing, and also a more dignified demeanour on the platform. Mr. Hamilton Harty accompanied the songs with brilliant fluency.

At the Æolian Hall (April 9) Miss Lilia Kanevskaya played with considerable fluency and some charm. She is at home in early and also in modern music, but she should leave Beethoven for a few years. His sonatas are well-worn, it is true, but they are not yet to be regarded as mere exercises.

The Philharmonic String Quartet gave a very fine display at Wigmore Hall on April 9. The ensemble playing was truly magnificent. The three Scriabin pieces are examples of Zolaesque naturalism rather than of Flaubertian realism, and fail as music for precisely that reason. The contrast between the Borodin Quartet and the Dvorák Quintet showed the difference between a work of art and merely interesting music. Mr. Holbrooke's songs were commonplace in the modern manner.

Mr. Joseph Colman (Æolian Hall, April 10) has a good tone, and his phrasing is that of an artist. He should go far.

M. Désire Dufauw and Mr. Harold Samuels deserved the enthusiastic applause they obtained at Wigmore Hall on April 10. Each player showed to better advantage, perhaps, as a soloist than in the Brahms and Debussy sonatas for violin and piano. Mr. Samuels's playing of Bach was really very good: he justified his romantic conception. M. Dufauw has a sweet tone, but is lacking in power. Both performers proved that, beside being thoroughly competent professional musicians, they are genuine artists.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Cowper School, Olney, Bucks, writes: "The annual meeting of the Cowper Society will take place at the Court House, St. Andrew's, Holborn, on April 25, of the John Payne Society at 10, Oxford Road, Kilburn, on April 26; of the Blake Society at 9, Pembroke Square, Kensington, on April 29. I shall be pleased to send tickets and programmes to any applicant."

MISS MARY HERVEY, author of "Holbein's Ambassadors," and the discoverer of the document which established the identity of the men in that notable group, has requested us to mention that her work on Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, the celebrated collector, upon which she has been engaged for many years, is nearly complete. Miss Hervey's book is based on original research. Amongst many other important sources, the late Duke of Norfolk placed at her disposal all the Arundel MSS., a large number of which are concerned with the famous art-lover. The book will further contain a series of portraits.

Drama

MR. MASEFIELD AND
MR. DRINKWATER

BEFORE we can construct a respectable theatre in England, good plays, no doubt, must be created as well as good performances. But it is difficult to escape a conviction that the latter is the more essential need. A wretched play by Hamsun acted at Moscow seemed full of interest, while "Œdipus" itself in the Reinhardt-Harvey version was reduced to insignificance. It may be questioned whether it is worth while to spend the months of preparation which the Moscow standard requires on anything but a masterpiece. But in any case there are masterpieces enough in the cupboard already to last several years. Let us, therefore, concentrate for the moment upon performances rather than upon plays. The belief in this necessity was emphasised by the contrasted results of visits paid last week to two plays, both very indifferent in themselves, but one decently and the other shockingly performed. These were Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," which is still to be seen at the Hammersmith Lyric Opera-House, and Mr. Masefield's Japanese tragedy, "The Faithful," produced by the Stage Society. To anyone reading them beforehand there appears no reason to expect either to provide the more enjoyable entertainment. It is conceivable that they may inherently possess qualities to differentiate them in this respect; but on the whole one is tempted to believe that with a little goodwill "The Faithful" might be encouraged to shine for fifty nights at Hammersmith, and "Abraham Lincoln" might be depressed to the usual Sunday afternoon level at the National Sporting Club.

The merits of "Abraham Lincoln," when you read it, clearly, lie in the mild intellectual and political interest of some of the scenes. Much of this interest, indeed, is of a topical sort, and may be despised as being rather low-down by the severer critics. "Dear me!" you are expected to say to yourself, "there were pacifists even in those days! and atrocities and reprisals! and a righteous war and a clean peace! only fancy!" But it is a little unfair to complain of this, and the fact that the attention is held deserves nothing but gratitude, especially as this end is partly achieved by occasional pieces of lively dialogue. On the other hand, the obvious objection to the play is its Moussorgsky-like absence of plot. This is supposed to be compensated, and a unity is supposed to be provided, by the character of Lincoln. Unluckily, however, the characterization hardly goes an inch below the surface, and Lincoln remains a mere central figure—a collection of political opinions with half-a-dozen conventional virtues and a couple of idiosyncrasies. The whole business, in fact, has not gone far beyond the press-cutting stage. It is, moreover, gravely prejudiced by a smear of sentimentality. This is prominent in the episode in which Lincoln reprieves a soldier sentenced to death for sleeping at his post; but it is best seen in a stage direction. Lincoln has just had a heated argument with one of his ministers—Hook. Hook offers his resignation, which is accepted, and turns to go.

Lincoln: Will you shake hands?

Hook: I beg you will excuse me.

He goes. Lincoln stands silently for a moment, a travelled, lonely captain.

Lastly there are the choruses between the acts, in which the author, breaking into verse, discusses the loneliness of the great, the vanity of human wishes, and the march of destiny. "His triumph," he writes,

"is but bitterness
Who looks not to the starry doom
When proud and humble but possess
The little kingdom of the tomb."

But one must be a greater poet than Mr. Drinkwater before one can risk telling the public truths so (if I may venture the word) stark as these.

But Mr. Drinkwater the producer has made the very most of the unpromising material offered to him by Mr. Drinkwater the poet. The good points have been allowed their full weight and have been reinforced by others, while the bad points have been mitigated. Both the decorations and the acting show signs of aiming at a style which I do not remember having seen in England before: a kind of simplified realism without fussiness of detail, which allows the attention of the audience to focus directly upon the intellectual content of the play. The delivery of most of the actors is devoid of the usual staginess, though its speed is often unnecessarily slow. The character-drawing, at least in the case of Lincoln himself, is considerably strengthened. Even the choruses, which were at one time, I believe, chanted by two ladies, almost seem to pass muster in the formidable hands of Mr. Harcourt Williams. And it is only in the scene of the assassination at the end that the production definitely breaks down into ineffectiveness.

How cruelly, by comparison, was Mr. Masefield served by his producer! "The Faithful" has faults more glaring than "Abraham Lincoln." Mr. Masefield's sentimentality is more devastating than Mr. Drinkwater's. His trick of trying to express emotion by terseness and tensity leads to the unluckiest results:—

Lady Kurano: I am your wife, Kurano.

Kurano: You were.

Lady Kurano: I am your wife. More than that, I am your loving wife. Dear, I am all shaken and strange.

And at the height of the tragedy, when Kurano is taking leave of a friend who is on the point of killing himself, all he can find to say is, "My dear man." To which the friend replies with one of those general reflections which are another feature of the play, "Well, Kurano, the gods make pawns of us." But in spite of this, and in spite of any conclusions which seem to be forced on us by the actual performance, "The Faithful" has some qualities which might, I believe, allow of its successful presentation on the stage. It has a coherent plot, some pseudo-Elizabethan characterization, and at least one really dramatic scene. All of this was completely submerged in the long welter of moans and groans foisted upon us by the Stage Society. One can understand the great difficulties to be met in the matter of adequate rehearsal for these special performances; but such an exhibition as that given by the six Ronin last Sunday was due not to inadequate rehearsal but to incompetent production, and it was unfair both to Mr. Masefield and his audience. Until the Stage Society has found a producer who can distinguish acting from ranting, and poetry from caterwauling, its activities are not likely to excite much interest. But the further development of the theatre is anyhow unlikely to be helped by such an organization. It might be of use in the discovery of plays, but in (as I have tried to show) the more pressing business of performance, it could not at the best do much. We must rather look to such groups as the Birmingham Repertory Company, whose opportunities for rehearsal, co-operation and research, are the fortunate conditions of Mr. Drinkwater's success.

S.

Foreign Literature

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

II.

TO V. G. KOROLENKO.

(9 January, 1888, Moscow.)

I HAVE deceived you without meaning to, dear Vladimir Galaktionovitch: I cannot get the proofs of my play ["Ivanov"]; when it is published I'll send it to you, or give it to you when I see you. Meanwhile, don't be cross.

I have taken it into my head to have copied and sent to you old Grigorovitch's letter, which I received yesterday. For many reasons it is worth its weight in gold to me, and I am afraid to read it a second time for fear of losing the first impression. You will see from it that literary fame and high prices don't by any means protect one from such commonplaces as illness, indifference, and loneliness. From the letter you see, too, that it was not you alone who, from a pure heart, showed me my rightful path, and you will understand how ashamed I am.

When I finished reading Grigorovitch's letter I remembered you and I felt ashamed. It became clear to me that I was not right. I am writing this to you and you alone, because there is nobody near me who needs my sincerity or who has the right to it. But with you, without asking, I have made an alliance in my soul.

Acting on your friendly advice, I have begun a little story for the *Syeverny Vyesnik*. As a beginning I started describing the steppe, its people, and my experiences there. The subject is a good one; I enjoy writing it. But, unfortunately, because I am unaccustomed to writing long stories, and from fear of saying too much, I go to the other extreme. Each page turns out as compact as a small short story. The scenes are piled one upon another, crowded together and obscuring the light, and the general impression is ruined. The result is a picture, in which the details are not, like the stars in the sky, part of one great whole; it is a prospectus, a catalogue of impressions. You, for instance, as a writer, will understand me, but the reader will be bored and give it up.

I spent two weeks and a half in Petersburg and saw a number of people. As a result, my feelings could, more or less, be reduced to the text: "Put not your hopes in princes, nor in any child of man . . ." I've seen a lot of nice people, but judges there are none. Perhaps it is just as well.

I am waiting for the February number of *Syev Vyesnik*, to read your "On the Road." Pleshtcheyev told me that the censor had plucked your feathers thoroughly. Congratulations for the New Year. Keep well and happy.

Your sincerely devoted

A. T.

P.S.—Your "Sokolinetz" seems to me the most outstanding work of recent times. It is written like a good musical composition, according to the rules which the instinct of the artist whispers to him. Altogether in your book you are such a big artist, such a power, that even your greatest defects, which would kill another man, pass unnoticed in you. For instance, in your whole book there is an obstinate absence of woman, and it is only lately that I have realized this.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO A. S. SOUVORIN.

(30 May, 1888, Soumy.)

... I live on the shores of the river Pysol, in the cottage belonging to an old seignorial manor-house. I rented the cottage at random, without having seen it, and as yet I haven't regretted it. The river is wide, deep, abounding in little islands, fishes and crayfish. The banks are beautiful with lots of green. And the chief thing is that it is all so spacious, that I seem to have got for my hundred roubles the right to live in a place which has no visible boundaries.

Nature and life here are built up of those very same clichés which have become so obsolete and are rejected nowadays in all editors' offices. As well as nightingales that sing day and night, the barking of dogs, heard from afar, old, desolate orchards, romantic, sad country houses, nailed and blocked up, wherein live the souls of beautiful women; as well as old, dying butlers who were former serfs, and girls who pine for the most ordinary love, there is not far from me such a hackneyed cliché as a water-mill with a miller whose daughter is always sitting by the window, evidently expecting something.

Everything that I see and hear now seems to me long since familiar, from old stories and tales. The only novelty is the mysterious bird—the water heron—which sits somewhere in the reeds, and day and night utters a cry partly like a blow on an empty barrel, partly like the bellowing of a cow shut in a shed. Every Ukrainian says he has seen this bird, but all describe it differently. Therefore nobody has seen it. There is another novelty, but an adventitious one, and therefore not quite new.

Each day I take a boat to the mill, and in the evenings, together with fishing maniacs from Kharitonenko's sugar refinery, set off to the islets to fish. The talk is very interesting. On the eve of Whitsuntide all the fishing maniacs are going to spend all night there—fishing. I too. There are superb types. . . . I have Pleshtcheyev staying with me. He is looked upon by everybody as a demi-god. They consider it a happiness if he honours their curdled milk with his attention, offer him bouquets, invite him everywhere, etc. A girl, Vota, an undergraduate from Poltava, who is staying with my hosts, pays him particular court. And he "listens and eats," and smokes his cigars, which give his women admirers headaches. He is stodgy, elderly, lazy, but this does not prevent the fair sex from rowing him in boats, driving him to neighbours' estates, and singing romances to him. Here he is—just as he was in Petersburg—an icon which is prayed to because it is old and hung once beside mysterious icons. Besides his being a very nice, genial and sincere man, I personally see in him a vessel full of tradition, interesting reminiscences, and pleasant commonplaces.

I have already written a story and sent it to the "Novoye Vremya." What you say about my "Fires" is quite right. "Nicolai and Masha" are like a red thread run across the story, but what could I do? Because I am not used to writing long things, I am diffident; as I write, I am frightened every moment that my story is longer than it can afford to be, and I keep trying to make it as short as possible. The finale of the engineer with Kissotchka seemed to me to be an unimportant detail, holding up the story, and so I cut it out and unwillingly put in "Nicolai and Masha" instead.

You say that neither the discussion about pessimism nor Kissotchka's story goes any further towards solving the question of pessimism. It seems to me that it is not the business of novelists to solve questions such as—God, pessimism, and so forth. The business of the novelist is merely to describe how and under what circumstances his people spoke or thought of God, or pessimism. An

artist must not be a judge of his people or of what they say, but only an impartial witness. Suppose I hear a chaotic conversation between Russians about pessimism, a conversation which solves nothing, I must relate it in the very way in which I hear it, and leave the valuation of it to the jurors, *i.e.*, the readers. My only concern is to be gifted enough to be able to distinguish important evidence from unimportant, to be able to throw the proper light on the characters, and to speak their language. Shzeglov-Leontyev blames me for having ended the story with the words, "One can't understand anything in this world." In his opinion a psychological writer must understand; that's why he is a psychologist. But I do not agree with him. For writers, particularly for writers who are artists, it is high time to confess, as Socrates once confessed, and as Voltaire owned up, that you can't understand anything in this world. The mob thinks that it knows and understands everything, and the stupider people are the wider seems, to them, their horizon. If then an artist whom the mob trusts makes up his mind to declare that he understands nothing of what he sees, that in itself would be a great acquisition, a great step forward. . . .

A POPULAR THEATRE

(i) THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE. (ii) TWO PLAYS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ("THE 14TH OF JULY" AND "DANTON"). By Romain Rolland; translated by Barrett H. Clark. (Allen & Unwin. Each 5s. 6d. net.)

DRAMATICALLY, a theatre may range the whole of life, but in its architecture it is rigidly genteel. The buildings in which we witness "Strife" or "Ghosts" or "L'annonce faite à Marie" descend from the theatres of German petty courts, and recall that elegant ancestry in their arrangements—boxes for the nobility and plutocracy, a "royal" box where specimens of that class can be mounted on exhibit, stalls and dress circle for the bourgeoisie, cramped back seats for the poor, where they are huddled away like servants, unable to see through the bodies of the rich and often unable to hear through their chatter. No generous mind can admire such an arrangement. It is unfair to the poor and bad for the play. The playwright may be opening heaven or overturning earth on his side of the curtain, but the audience on theirs are wedged into the framework of a snobby social system, and their position reacts on his.

Generosity is one of the finest qualities of Romain Rolland, and in these two books he attacks the problem of a popular theatre. His enthusiastic if somewhat untidy mind has seen the strength of art and the strength of the poor, and ardently desires that the two shall meet. Both art and the poor have apprehended reality. Both grip life with a sincerity unknown to the sentimental middle classes. But—and here is the problem—they grip it from different sides. Art handles facts from without and moulds them into significance; the poor, embedded in facts, have no leisure to think of moulding. Their grip is from the inside. Baby's dead. The roof leaks. Butter is half-a-crown the pound. Hanging and clutching, the poor do indeed grow strong, right in their instincts, clearer in their judgments than diplomatists and kings. But their strength, rightness, clearness, do not lead them to appreciate Ibsen, Shakespeare, Sophocles. What is wrong? Tolstoy said art was wrong, and condemned all literary output, with the exception of some passages in the Hebrew prophets, which he did not quote. Rolland is less extreme. He recognizes that many masterpieces can be appreciated only by the cultured, and he does not condemn them on that account. But he still hopes for some rapprochement between the two percipients

of reality: those who perceive it through the imagination and those who perceive it through its pressure on their daily lives—between the artist and the sufferer.

Can the rapprochement be brought about through the State? The poor are to Rolland the People: a Frenchman can adopt this view more easily than an Englishman. They are the basis of all society, and sometimes, as in 1789, they rise, and society topples. And on the 5th of Messidor, Year II., the Revolutionary Government proclaims:—

The theatres are still encumbered with the rubbish of the old régime, of ideas and interests which are nothing to us, and of customs and manners foreign to us. We must clear the stage and allow reason to enter and speak the language of liberty, throw flowers on the graves of martyrs, sing of heroism and virtue, and inspire love of law and the Patrie.

Nothing was done then, because the energy of the State was diverted into politics and war. But now? Can the State do nothing now? France is a Republic yet.

Rolland toys with the hope, but in his sadder and wiser moments rejects it. Logically, the poor are the people, the people the nation, and the nation is represented by the Government. But in practice there is a hitch. No Government represents the poor. Officials, however and whencesoever selected, become members of the bourgeoisie, because they are officials, and they offer dull patronizing substitutes instead of the bread of life. As he observes:—

By its very definition the State belongs to the past. No matter how new the forms of life it represents, it arrests and congeals them. It is its function to petrify everything with which it comes into contact, and turn living into bureaucratic ideals.

Such a body could never provide a popular theatre. Nor has private enterprise been more successful. The movement will have to come from the poor themselves. And, at present, they don't want good stuff. Here is the dilemma that Rolland can scarcely bear to face. Their simplicity and strength do not respond to the simplicity and strength of art.

What of the two plays that Rolland has himself written for this popular theatre of his dreams. They are part of a cycle dealing with the French Revolution. The theme of the first is the Fall of the Bastille, and here the "People" are the protagonist, or rather a spirit that pervades all the characters—even the defenders of the fortress. "We are not beaten," says one of them as the mob arrives. "They would never have taken the Bastille unless we had wished them to."—"Do you mean to say that it is *we* who have taken the Bastille?" He replies: "There is some truth in it!" The theme of the second play is the fall of Danton, with the People as actor in the final scene. But now it is a starving people, who are lured away from the defence of their hero by the promise of food. The court clears and Danton is condemned. Nothing noble can be expected from men while they are hungry. It is a fine play. Danton and Robespierre voice two aspects of the Revolution—Danton the love and the happiness, Robespierre the idealism. And in an age as addicted to idealism and to bloodshed as our own, the voice of Danton merits attention, perhaps:

I hate the hypocrisy of the intelligence, the sanguinary idiocy of these idealists. Oh, if I could only be a brute, an honest out-and-out brute, with the frank desire to love others so long as they allow me a place in the sun! There is no danger in any state as great as that of the men with principles. They don't try to be good, but to be in the right; no suffering touches them. Their only morality, their only political ideal, is to impose their ideas on others.

Rolland wrote these words in 1900. He will scarcely withdraw them in 1919. Indeed, the plays are full of prophecies, from end to end. It would be very easy for

all those fellows who run the Government of Europe to apply just a little common sense," says one of the characters. "So much the worse for them! If they don't, it will be done without them." We see it being done without them to-day. We hear, too, from the lips of our democrats, the sombre plea of Robespierre: "You cannot found liberty with liberty."

Both plays failed on the stage. The people were not interested in the People. Can nothing be done? There are two possibilities, surely, neither of which Rolland discusses. One possibility is a religious revival. Whether such a revival would be desirable is another question, but if it came it might well bring a popular theatre in its train; cultured and uncultured would approach the drama by the path of their common faith, as they did in ancient Greece and in mediæval Europe. The second possibility is Education. We have learned to read, but not how to read. We see words, but seldom see through them. If, by some device at present undiscovered, this defect could be cured, the springs of literature as well as the springs of action would become visible, and those who are simple and strong would respond to the simplicity and strength of great dramatic art, and realize that it gripped from without the same life that they were gripping from within.

E. M. F.

M. DE MIOMANDRE

VOYAGES D'UN SEDENTAIRE. Par Francis de Miomandre. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 4fr. 75.)

M. DE MIOMANDRE'S gift and his name are well assorted. They are alike charming. He can talk for a hundred pages about the *bibelots* on his writing-table with an elegant preciseness, which is almost alarming, because it is not easy to see why he should ever stop. Nor do we, in fact, really understand why he does. We feel sure that the cause must have lain outside himself. Perhaps the journal came to an end, or the editor called a halt. M. de Miomandre affects the English style in clothes; finds that his compatriots in comparison with ourselves, are an untidy race, jealous of its *droit au débraillé*; considers Shakespeare the greatest poet in Europe—it is difficult for a Frenchman to prefer Shakespeare to Racine and be a first-class writer—and is properly sceptical about the advantages of the republican régime; prefers *fiacres* to motor-cabs, and a marionette show to a modern theatre; hates hustle; and is a connoisseur in eccentric toys. How much is pose, we hardly dare guess, but we think there is little. M. de Miomandre is an excellent example of a very distinct type of modern French literary men: imperturbable, elegant, anglicized, and perhaps a little ineffectual. But no one would be more willing to admit this than M. de Miomandre himself. Although we like him still, find his honesty engaging and his dilettantism consistent, we confess that there was a time when we expected something more from the author of "Ecrit sur l'Eau."

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S first novel, "The Gay-Dombeys," will be published immediately by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The book has a long introduction by Mr. H. G. Wells, who describes it as "abundantly, profanely, and unrestrainedly amusing . . . one of those novels that are history." As the title suggests, "The Gay-Dombeys" is a sequel to Dickens's novel.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

A dagger before an author's name indicates a cheap edition. The necessity of economizing space compels us to omit comments on a certain number of books, and to abridge occasionally the bibliographical descriptions.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Power (Eileen), ed. A BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR TEACHERS OF HISTORY; foreword by Lord Buckmaster, and introd. essay by Eleanor Dooley. Women's International League, 14, Bedford Row, W.C.1, 1919. 7½ in. 51 pp. paper, 2/ n. 016.9

This brief but adequate bibliography gives due prominence to the books that do not pass lightly over the eras of peace, when mankind was really making history, in order to dwell on the showy periods of war.

Price (Lawrence Marsden). ENGLISH-GERMAN LITERARY INFLUENCES: BIBLIOGRAPHY AND SURVEY: part 1, BIBLIOGRAPHY ("Publications in Modern Philology," vol. 9, No. 1). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press [1919]. 10 in. 111 pp. ind. paper, \$1.25 016.820—830

The bibliography is supplemented by a survey in which some of the works listed are reviewed. The title indicates the influence of English literature upon German literature, and is not used reciprocally.

Stokes (Henry Paine). CAMBRIDGE STATIONERS, PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS, &c. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1919. 8½ in. 36 pp., map, paper, 1/6 n. 010.4

A lecture delivered on April 26, 1917, dealing with a subject peculiarly interesting to Cambridge men, and attractive to all bibliographers.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

***Constable (Frank C.)**. MYSELF AND DREAMS. Kegan Paul; N.Y., Dutton & Co., 1919. 7½ in. 382 pp., 6/6 n. 130.

The author deals in the first and larger part of this book (under the general title "Myself") with thought, imagination, knowledge, and self-expression. In the second part ("Dreams") such subjects as multiplex personality, physiological and psychological theories of sleep, and hallucination and illusion in dreams are discussed.

Coriat (Isador H.). WHAT IS PSYCHO-ANALYSIS? Kegan Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 124 pp. bib. ind., 3/6 n. 150

An exposition of the objects of psycho-analysis, followed by a serviceable list of books and papers containing fuller information.

Fielding-Ould (Fielding). THE WONDERS OF THE SAINTS IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM; introd. by Lady Glenconner. J. M. Watkins, 1919. 7½ in. 128 pp. por., 4/6 n. 133.9

The vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, puts implicit faith in levitation, bilocation, transportation, and all the marvels alleged to be performed by Mr. Home and other spiritualists, and finds parallels in the lives of the saints.

Heller (Walter S.). ANALYSIS OF PACKAGE LABELS ("Publications in Psychology," vol. 3, No. 2). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press [1919]. 10 in. 11 pp. il. paper, 15c. 136

The object of this investigation was to ascertain what influence the label on a package has on a purchaser, and, if possible, to determine whether there is any relation between the quality of the contents and the wrapper.

Ingle (Joseph). ANTI-TEETOTAL TEMPERANCE: an appeal to the Churches and nation. Stock, 1919. 7½ in. 175 pp. app. paper, 1/ n. 178.2

A re issue, under a new title, of "A Moral Indictment of Teetotalism," published in 1908, when the Licensing Bill was brought forward in Parliament.

Sadler (Gilbert T.). REASON—LOVE—VISION, as the only power to overcome evil and construct the true Social Order. Daniel [1919]. 6½ in. 32 pp. paper, 6d. n. 171.8

Seillière (Ernest). LES ETAPES DU MYSTICISME PASSIONNEL: de Saint-Preux à Manfred ("Bibliothèque Internationale de Critique"). Paris, Renaissance du Li.re, 1919. 7½ in. 202 pp. paper, 2 fr. 50. 149.3

The author discusses the mystical inspiration of Saint-Preux, Madame de Stael, Byron and Chateaubriand. The two last-named are compared and contrasted. M. Seillière considers that in Rousseau and all the great writers influenced by him there is a mystical inspiration which hitherto has not been sufficiently recognized.

Wallace (Mrs. Mary Bruce). THE THINNING OF THE VEIL: a record of experience ("Deeper Issues Series"). J. M. Watkins; N.Y., Dodd & Mead, 1919. 6½ in. 144 pp. ind., 2/ n. 133.9

The author believes that she has received communications from, and visions of, discarnate beings who are working for the thinning of the veil between life in the physical body and the life beyond.

200 RELIGION.

Buchanan (E. S.), ed. THE CATHOLIC EPISTLES AND APOCALYPSE FROM THE CODEx LAUDIANUS, numbered Laud. Lat. 43, in the Bodleian Library; together with THE APOCALYPSE TEXT OF BEATUS, from the tenth-century MS. in the Morgan Library, New York; now first ed., with introds. descriptive of the MSS. and their correctors, by E. S. Buchanan ("Sacred Latin Texts," 4). Heath, Cranton & Ouseley, 1916. 9 by 7 in. 227 pp. il. apps., 21/ n. 220.47

Codex Laudianus 43 was presented to the University of Oxford in 1639, six years before the donor perished on the scaffold. The editor is of opinion that the MS. was written on the borders of Spain and France, circa 1220, and corrected less than 50 years later. The subject-matter consists of the Epistles of SS. James, Peter, John and Jude, and the Apocalypse of St. John. The Morgan MS. of the Spanish Presbyter Beatus—a commentary on the Apocalypse—is stated by Mr. Buchanan to be largely Old Latin and pre-Vulgate.

Buchanan (E. S.), ed. AN UNIQUE GOSPEL TEXT (31 selections), from a Latin palimpsest in the collection of the Hispanic Society of America; deciphered and tr. by E. S. Buchanan; introds. by B. E. Scriven and J. B. Heath & Cranton [1919]. 7 in. 95 pp. bds., 2/6 n. 220.47

According to the decipherer, in the first-copied text of this palimpsest, from which lengthy extracts are given, with translations, there are no genealogies, no imprecations, the fig-tree is neither cursed nor blasted, there is no eschatological problem, Judaistic elements are absent, and sacraments are not yet introduced into the discipleship. Other notable features are described; and the text is thought to have been used in the Church of Tarragona before the end of the second century.

Bunsen (Victoria de). THE WAR AND MEN'S MINDS. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 185 pp., 5/ n. 231.8

Dibdin (Sir Lewis T.) and Downing (Stanford Edwin). THE ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSION: a sketch of its history and work. Macmillan, 1919. 8½ in. 127 pp. app. paper, 1/ n. 283.42

A clear account of the origin, constitution, objects, and method of working of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Certain suggestions in Dr. Headlam's lectures on the "Revenues of the Church of England" are discussed in the appendix.

Drummond (H. Gordon), Hall (Charles A.) and Wilde (Arthur) WHAT IS THE HUMAN SOUL? THE SUPREMACY OF THE SPIRITUAL; THE REALITY OF THE LIFE HEREAFTER. (Scottish Association of the New Church) Paisley, Gardner. 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp. paper, 6d. 289.4

These three addresses, treating their subjects from the Swedenborgian standpoint, formed the second series of "Glasgow Lectures," and were delivered in that city in November last.

The Fourth Dimension: ESSAYS IN THE REALM OF UNCONVENTIONAL THOUGHT; by an Officer of the Grand Fleet. Daniel, 1919. 7½ in. 90 pp. paper, 2/ n. 212

The author is one of those instinctive mystics who see infinite and immediate possibilities of redemption from the ills of life in the idea of a fourth dimension: "God is God of the Fourth Dimension. . . . This Third-Dimensional world is not real to him." "You must cease to believe in the world in which you live."

Gray (A. Herbert). WHAT'S THE GOOD OF RELIGION? and other addresses to college men. 2nd ed. Student Christian Movement, 1918. 8½ in. 84 pp. paper, 2/ n. 231

Jinarajadasa (C.) and others. THE THEOSOPHICAL OUTLOOK: being the four Convention lectures delivered in Calcutta at the forty-second anniversary of the Theosophical Society, December, 1917. Adyar, Madras, Theosophical Publishing House, 1919. 7½ in. 156 pp., 2/. 212

These four lectures are devoted respectively to "The Problem of Religion and Philosophy," "The Problem of Education," "Problems of National and International Politics," and "Problems of Social Reform."

Kempthorne (Right Rev. John Augustine). PASTORAL LIFE AND WORK TO-DAY. Longmans, 1919. 8 in 192 pp., 6/ n. 250

This book, by the Bishop of Lichfield, discusses the need of "rebuilding" in the Church, and the relations of that body and its accredited ministers with the laity. Chapters are devoted to the personal dealings of the clergy with different classes of people; to the home, the school, and the organization of a parish; and to the attitude of the Church towards the social movement.

Mercer (Right Rev. Edward). WHY DO WE DIE? an essay in thanatology. Kegan Paul; N.Y., Dutton & Co., 1919. 7½ in. 210 pp., 4/6 n. 236.1

Dr. Mercer, formerly Bishop of Tasmania, ventures to explore a somewhat neglected territory, and, with the object of stimulating general interest, inquires why, having experienced life, we should die at all. Primitive conceptions, Greek and Christian symbolism, the sensation of dying, the teachings of science and death, regarded not merely as a moral and spiritual agency, but also as a revealer, are among the themes dealt with.

Rawson (F. L.). THE NATURE OF TRUE PRAYER. Crystal Press, 91, Regent Street, W.1 [1919]. 7½ in. 95 pp. ind. paper, 1/6 n. 217

"How to Pray," "Spiritual Realities of the Body," "Personal and Impersonal Treatment," "Mania and Drink," and "The Healing of Sin," are the headings of some of these chapters.

Sadler (Gilbert T.). THE Gnostic STORY OF JESUS CHRIST. Daniel [1919]. 6½ in. 52 pp. paper, 1/ n. 232

The author remarks that there may be said to be four views of Jesus Christ. "He may never have been a man. Such is the view in this essay."

Stewart (Hugh Fraser). THE SCHOOL AUTHORS AND WAR: a sermon preached before the University on Christmas Day, 1918. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 7½ in. 15 pp. paper, 6d. n. 252.6

For the most part a defence of the teachings of the Schoolmen in regard to war.

Tidball (Thomas Allen). THE MAKING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND (A.D. 597-1087): a course of historical lectures. Boston, Mass., Stratford Co., 1919. 7½ in. 238 pp., \$2. 283

A modest production based upon lectures delivered by the sometime Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. The discourses were intended for intelligent and educated students without time or opportunity to read the works of the great historians.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Adams (George Burton). THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND A LEAGUE OF PEACE: suggesting the purpose and form of an alliance of the English-speaking peoples. Putnam, 1919. 9 in. 21 pp. paper. 341.1

The author advocates the formation of a workable League of Peace for all English-speaking nations.

Barthélemy (Joseph). LE PROBLEME DE LA COMPETENCE DANS LA DEMOCRATIE: cours professé à l'Ecole des Hautes-Etudes sociales pendant l'année 1916-17. Paris, Alcan, 1918. 9 in. 266 pp. paper, 6 fr. 60. 321.8
See Review, p. 204.

Besant (Annie). LECTURES ON POLITICAL SCIENCE, being an introduction to its study, delivered at the National College of Commerce, Madras: 1st series. Adyar, Madras, "Commonweal" Office, 1919. 8½ in. 185 pp. bib. ind., 2/. 321

The special feature of this course of seven lectures is the attention paid to early Indian political history, especially the Aryan village communities and the early republics. Mrs. Besant lays stress on the idea of the family as the fundamental unit of the State, and brings out the contrast with the individualism of the modern capitalistic State.

Houten (S. van). THE WAY OUT: proposals submitted to President Wilson. The Hague, Nijhoff, 1919. 9½ in. 13 pp. paper, 0.36 gld. 341.1

The author's conclusion is that the essential point of a League of Nations is the obligation not to use force before the claim has been investigated and publicly discussed by a body of delegates consisting of eminent men of all States.

***Jones (Sir Henry)** THE PRINCIPLES OF CITIZENSHIP. Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 189 pp. ind., 3/6 n. 323.6

This serene and inspiring book ought to be read by every politician and everyone with a vote. It is a study of citizenship from the ethical point of view, accepting Hegel's conception of the State as "the organization of moral right," and from the criterions so determined examining the subsidiary questions of rights and duties, pacifism, military obligations, State interference in the life of the people, education, property (that which is earned by the citizen) and the right to work.

***Jusserand (J. J.).** LA VIE NOMADE ET LES ROUTES D'ANGLETERRE AU XIVE SIECLE; ed. by A. Wilson-Green ("Cambridge Modern French Series"). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8 in. 167 pp. front vocab. bds., 4/ n. 397

M. Jusserand's readable and informative description of "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," as it was entitled in a well-known translation, should make an instructive school book. In Mr. Wilson-Green's new series it is furnished with exercises and a glossary, the former being so framed that they elucidate the text and help effectively in the study of the language.

Marten (C. H. K.). SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE YOUTHFUL HISTORIAN ("Aids to the Study of History," 1). Blackie, 1919. 7½ in. 16 pp. paper, 3d. n. 371.3

Modi (Shams-ul-Ulma Jivanji Jamshedji). ANTHROPOLOGICAL PAPERS, part 2: papers read before the Anthropological Society of Bombay. Bombay, British India Press, 1918. 9 in. 379 pp. ind. 398

Twenty papers, the majority relating to the folk-lore of India, Tibet, and other Asiatic countries—witchcraft and magic, peacock lore, praying machines of the Lamas, devil-driving processions, rain-producing ceremonies, moon lore, etc

Montgomerie (John). SUPPLEMENT TO "THE NATION'S LOSS": an exposure of the methods used by co-operators to coerce the Government into granting them continued exemption from payment of income-tax. Glasgow, John Tomlinson, Ltd., Stanley Works, Partick, 1919. 9½ in. 16 pp. paper, 3d. 336.24

New Zealand. STATISTICS OF THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND FOR THE YEAR 1917: vol. 1, BLUE BOOK; POPULATION AND VITAL STATISTICS; LAW AND CRIME; vol. 2, TRADE AND SHIPPING; compiled from returns furnished by Customs Department; ed. by Malcolm Fraser, Government Statistician. Wellington, N.Z., M. F. Marks, Government Printer, 1918. 13½ in. 292, 434 pp. paper. 312.931

Pares (Sir Bernard). THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND OTHER QUESTIONS OF PEACE. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7½ in. 150 pp., 3/6 n. 341.1

The author's intimate knowledge of Russia entitles his views to attentive consideration. Sir Bernard regards a strong Poland and a revived Russia as indispensable, and he declares that, as the enemy of civilization, even the Prussian could not compare with the Bolshevik.

Pensions for Hospital Officers and Staffs: report of a sub-committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. C. & E. Layton and G. Barber, 1919. 13½ in. 278 pp. apps. ind. bds., 7/6 n. 362

The sub-committee are in favour of the principle of pensions for hospital staffs, but are not in agreement as to the method of providing them.

Reconstructors and Reconstruction: a plea for common sense: by Oxon. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 63 pp., 1/n. 335.1

The author thinks that the most menacing portent in the present situation is the tendency of the higher ranks of Labour to be drawn into "solidarity" with that section which can devise no better methods of social improvement than those of violence. Here, he declares, is the crux of democracy.

Sheffield (Sir Edward Lyulph Stanley, 4th Baron). IMPERIAL PREFERENCE: an examination of proposals for its establishment made on behalf of the Government of Mr. Lloyd George. Cobden Club, 1919. 8½ in. 35 pp. paper, 6d. 337.3

The author considers that there is no preference we can give (without fatal injury to our economic existence) which will be of any value to our colonies.

Vollenhoven (C. van). THE THREE STAGES IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE LAW OF NATIONS. The Hague, Nijhoff, 1919. 8 in. 108 pp. app. ind. paper. 341.01

Written during the summer of 1918, this book by the Professor of Law in the University of Leyden is an exposition of Grotius's doctrine of duties, and a criticism of the teaching of Eméric de Vattel in regard to the law of nations.

Worsfold (W. Basil). THE WAR AND SOCIAL REFORM: an endeavour to trace the influence of the war as a reforming agency, with special reference to matters primarily affecting the wage-earning classes. Murray, 1919. 8 in. 256 pp. app., 6/n. 304

The constitution of the War Cabinet, the reunion with the American people, advances in mechanical power, extension of agriculture, the Education Act, the Whitley committees, and the recovery of key industries, fill Mr. Worsfold with complacency. The facts are well summarized and plenty of figures given. His principal scheme for the future is one for co-partnership between Capital and Labour.

400 PHILOLOGY.

Phillimore (John Swinnerton). SOME REMARKS ON TRANSLATION AND TRANSLATORS (English Association, pamphlet 42). The Association, 1919. 10 in. 22 pp. pamph. 1/. 418

Translation demands equal expressiveness in the two languages involved, and the writer agrees with Egger that at certain ages of development a civilized language may attain a standard of correspondence that gives it perfect fitness for the purpose, as the French of the *chansons de geste*, was, in his opinion, perfectly fit to convey Homer.

***Werner (Alice).** INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF THE BANTU LANGUAGES. Kegan Paul; N.Y., Dutton & Co., 1919. 7½ in. apps. (bib.) ind. 496

The author lays stress upon the fact that this work is to be regarded as only an introduction to the study of the languages which are spoken throughout Southern and Central Africa. In the appendices are Zulu, Herrero, and cognate texts, carefully annotated, and with interlinear translations, as well as a very considerable bibliography.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Bose (Sir Jagadis Chunder). TRANSACTIONS OF THE BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, CALCUTTA, vol. 1, parts 1 and 2, 1918. Calcutta, Bose Research Institute, 1918. 8½ in. 290 pp. diags. app. bds. annual subs., 10/ 581.1

Part 1 is concerned with the problem of movement in plants, the action of stimulus on vegetable tissues, and the like. Part 2 is devoted to growth and its responsive variations. There are 92 illustrations.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Loads on Highway Bridges: report of Joint Committee, consisting of representatives of the Concrete Institute, the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers, and the Institution of Municipal Engineers; with apps. by Henry Adams and H. Kempton Dyson. Concrete Institute, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W. 1, and Spon, 1918. 8½ in. 39 pp. diags. tables, apps. paper, 2/6 n. 624.172

Pease (F. Forrest). MODERN SHIPBUILDING TERMS DEFINED AND ILLUSTRATED. Lippincott [1918]. 7½ in. 143 pp. 6 apps. bib. il., 8/6 n. 623.8

The vocabulary is the most prominent part of this book, but the appendices, diagrammatically or photographically illustrated, may well prove the most useful, setting forth, as they do, the progressive stages in the construction of modern vessels, and explaining the process of electric welding.

***Taber (C. W.) and others.** THE BUSINESS OF HOUSEHOLD ("Business Manuals"). Lippincott [1919]. 450 pp. il. bib. ind., 8/6 n. 640

This is a comprehensive manual, worked out to the smallest detail, and, though written for families living in the United States, it will be read here with considerable profit. The writers begin with the fundamental principles of household finance, and end with the legal and business status of the family. The workaday factors of household economy are treated methodically, and the pros and cons of such questions as the instalment system sensibly discussed as they arise. The lists of books appended to the chapters increase the value of the work.

700 FINE ARTS.

Dilly and Dally in Pictures and in Words; by "Poy" and William McCartney. Thornton Butterworth, 1919. 6½ in. 157 pp. il., 2/6 n. 741

Mr. McCartney's verbal flayings of "Dilly and Dally," and the caricatures of those gentlemen by "Poy," are good-humoured and amusing.

800 LITERATURE.

Albano (José). COMEDIA ANGELICA. Fortaleza, Brazil, Typographia Moderna, 1918. 8½ in. 105 pp. paper. 869.2
The action of the prologue is at Lourdes, and of the drama in Paradise. Among the dramatis personæ are Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Adam, Eve, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Lucifer.

***Balzac (H. de).** LE COLONEL CHABERT; ed. by Sydney H. Moore ("Cambridge Modern French Series"). Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1918. 8 in. 124 pp. vocab. bds., 3/ n. 843.73

Balzac's tragic story forms a capital addition to this new series. The text is equipped with footnotes, exercises that elucidate the meaning, and a "lexique" of uncommon words.

Blakeley (Clarice A.). WASTE CITIES. E. MacDonald [1919] 7 in. 61 pp. bds., 2/6 n. 822.9

Six pathetic little one-act plays, each illustrating some typical episode in the treatment of Belgian citizens by the German invaders. The titles are 'Jeanne,' 'Sabots,' 'Sanctuary,' 'Within the City,' 'Stones of Emptiness,' and 'André'

Burke (Thomas). OUT AND ABOUT: a note-book of London in war-time. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 142 pp. 5/ n. 824.9

The author of "Limehouse Nights" presents himself in mid-war years trying to recapture his golden youth and the "bland iniquity" of Piccadilly Circus and Villiers Street, Soho and the suburbs, Dockland and Chinatown. The atmosphere has changed under "Doraic" restrictions and the substitution of khaki uniforms for petticoats; but the riotous and rather overworked adjectives, the "buggy" but harmless slang, and the attitude of blasé decadence are as usual.

Chinard (Gilbert). CHATEAUBRIAND: LES NATCHEZ, livres 1 et 2: contribution à l'étude des sources de Chateaubriand ("Publications in Modern Philology," vol. 7, no. 5). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press [1919]. 10 in. 64 pp. paper, 75 c. 843.65

The long and illuminative footnotes constitute an important feature of the author's study of Chateaubriand's prose epic; and the introduction contains observations on the date of composition of "Les Natchez," as well as in the "sources."

***Croce (Benedetto).** STORIE E LEGGENDE NAPOLETANE ("Scritti di Storia Letteraria e Politica," 11). Bari, Laterza & Figli, 1919. 8½ in. 311 pp. il. pors. ind. paper, 12 lire. 854.9

This volume of the author's "Scritti" comprises, among other papers, articles dealing with "A Corner of Naples," "Lucrezia d' Alagno," "Isabella del Balzo, Queen of Naples," "Past and Present," and "Legends of Places and Buildings in Naples." There are numerous illustrations.

Metcalf (John). BUNDERLEY BOGGARD; and other plays; introd. by Prof. F. W. Moorman. Heath & Cranton, [1919]. 7½ in. 160 pp., 3/6 n. 822.9

These homely plays or interludes sketch the characters and manners of working-class people in the West Riding amusingly; but they are perhaps of more philological than dramatic importance, reproducing the Yorkshire dialect with minute accuracy, and with a raciness that must tend to conserve it. The title-piece is a village comedy of some length. Two of the three shorter plays have been acted by amateurs at Baildon.

***Wyndham (George).** ESSAYS IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE; introd. by Charles Whibley. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 479 pp., 12/ n. 824.9

These are the essays of an amateur in the highest sense of the word, informed by an appreciative enthusiasm, as all living criticism must be, for what is of personal moment and intimate concern in literature. Even the least convincing and most paradoxically gallant of the essays, "The Springs of Romance in the Literature of Europe," is a welcome challenge to the torpors of conventional criticism.

POETRY.

Adams (Katharine). LIGHT AND MIST. Boston, Mass., Cornhill Co., 1919. 6½ in. 55 pp. bds., \$1. 811.5

Pieces of verse of some merit, descriptive of 'A Fog Land,' 'Swedish Midsummer Night,' 'A Sea Path,' and the like. Some of the items are essays in free verse.

Albano (Joseph). FOUR SONNETS; with Portuguese prose-translation. Fortaleza, Typographia Hodierna, 1918. 8½ in. 16 pp. paper. 821.9

The Portuguese prose in each case follows the English sonnet.

Gerard (William). DRAMATIC DIALOGUES. Mathews, 1919. 8 in. 91 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

These dialogues are not very dramatic. They are introspective reflections on themselves and human life, in pregnant, scholarly, but monotonous blank verse, by Lancelot and Guinevere, Sappho, St. Catherine and Niccolo Toldo, Paolo and Francesca, and Achilles and Helen in Elysium.

Green (Bassett). THE DAWN; and other poems. Stock, 1918. 7½ in. 119 pp., 6/ n. 821.9

There are some good lines in the blank verse of 'Nemesis,' 'The Spirit of the Sea,' and 'Night and Morning.' In rhymed verse the author is too much given to padding out with tags and bits of prose.

Hickley (A. R. P.). EXPRESSION: THE WORK OF LIFE; and other poems. Colchester, Benham & Co., 1919. 5½ in. 56 pp. paper. 821.9

Verse with an ethical tendency.

Lash (A. H.). THINGS UNSEEN; and other sacred poems. R. Scott, 1919. 7½ in. 126 pp. paper, 3/6 n. 821.9

Simple religious verse.

Pitt (F. W.). THE BEGINNINGS; and other poems. J. M. de Vries-de Waal, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1 [1919]. 7½ in. 48 pp., 2/9 821.9

'The First Man,' 'The First Sunset,' 'The First Woman,' 'The First Marriage,' 'The First Baby,' and 'The First Grave,' are the titles in the opening section of this book.

Pitt (F. W.). MEMORY. J. M. de Vries-de Waal, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1 [1919]. 7½ in. 46 pp., 2/9 821.9

The main theme of the 206 quatrains composing this poem is indicated by the title. A fairly even level of quality is maintained throughout.

Pitt (F. W.). TOLL OF WAR. J. M. de Vries-de Waal, 329, High Holborn, W.C.1 [1919]. 7½ in. 53 pp., 2/9 821.9

'Intercessional,' 'The Missing,' 'The Soldier's Dog,' 'The Vicar,' 'The Wounded,' and 'Sympathy,' are some of the subjects chosen by the author.

***Scottish Text Society.** PIECES FROM THE MACCULLOCH AND THE GRAY MSS., together with the Chepman and Myllar prints; ed. by the late George Stevenson; preface, introd., and notes. (For the Society) Edin., Blackwood, 1918. 9½ in. 322 pp. facs. paper. 821.1-2

The MSS. named consist of Latin works with poems in the Scottish vernacular added early in the sixteenth century. These comprise poems by Henryson, Dunbar, and other writers unknown. The Chepman and Myllar prints are the earliest extant specimens of Scottish printing, and the interest of this reprint to typographical students is much enhanced by eleven photographic reproductions. Their principal contents are the Arthurian poem 'Golagros and Gawane'; a romance of chivalric adventure entitled 'Syr Eglamour of Artoys'; Dunbar's 'Golden Targe,' 'Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy,' 'Lament for the Makaris,' and other works; several of Henryson's, and other poems and ballads.

Strong (Archibald). POEMS. Melbourne, Ingram & Son, 1918; 7½ in. 49 pp. paper. 821.9

This Australian writer, whose sonnets, translation of the Ballades of Théodore de Banville, and other works, are favourably known, now provides a collection of verse comprising pre-war and war-time pieces, some of which are noteworthy.

FICTION.

Albanesi (Madame). TONY'S WIFE. Holden & Hardingham. 1919. 7½ in. 322 pp., 6/9 n.

The principal theme is the villainy of an avaricious and selfish guardian, who covets his ward's wealth. An amiable foil to the jealous guardian is the hero's feminine cousin and persistent champion.

Biddulph (Mrs. Wright). PIRATES OF SOCIETY. Heath & Cranton [1919]. 8 in. 282 pp., 6/ n.

This amateurish tale of aristocratic marriage-mongers, demi-mondaines, swindlers, and blackmailers, is of a very old-fashioned type.

Bowen (Marjorie) [Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell]. MR. MISFORTUNE. Collins [1919]. 8 in. 283 pp., 6/ n.

This is a romanticized life of the Young Pretender in the years 1746-52, beginning with his escape from the Highlands, and ending with his reunion with Clementina Walkenshaw. He is seen going from bad to worse in Paris, Avignon, and Venice, a despised and foolish, but proud and pathetic figure, with Henry, Duke of York, Lochiel, Keith, Wogan, and the familiar luminaries of Jacobite romance around him.

***Capes (Bernard).** THE SKELETON KEY. Collins [1919]. 8 in. 285 pp., 6/ n.

A eulogy of the late Bernard Capes by Mr. Chesterton is prefixed to this workmanlike detective story, which is an interesting variation on the Sherlock Holmes theme, and has a well-kept, if rather incredible surprise in store.

Gaunt (Mary). A WIND FROM THE WILDERNESS. Werner Laurie [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/ n.

A vivacious and exciting story of adventure in China and Thibet. A self-possessed and attractive young doctor attaches herself to an American mission in Yang Cheng, whence the party have to make their escape from rioters. The author strikes a somewhat unfamiliar note, and the book is decidedly readable.

Litta-Visconti-Arese (Duca). BEYOND THE WALL. Werner Laurie [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 6/ n.

The setting is an Italian convent near the Austrian frontier, the sister in charge of which is a spy in the interests of the Central Powers. A notable feature of the book is an account of the peasants' flight to the Piave.

Morris (Gouverneur). HIS DAUGHTER. Collins [1919]. 7½ in. 260 pp., 6/ n. 813.5

The central theme is the association of an American with a French girl of humble rank whom he has met in an artistic milieu in Paris; but this is only one of his infatuations.

Nepean (Eleanor) ("A Whisper"). THE STAIN. Hurst & Blackett [1919]. 7½ in. 281 pp., 6/9 n.

The hero falls in love with the half-English, half-Hungarian wife of his cousin, a ne'er-do-well baronet. His affection is returned, and towards the end of the story the husband dies from an accident. Various knots are disentangled at the last.

Tharaud (Jérôme and Jean). THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS; tr. by Frances Delanoy Little. Melrose, 1918. 7½ in. 320 pp. hf. bds., 5/ n. 843.9

A story of life in a village of Upper Hungary, in which are described the social life and religious ceremonial of the Jews of that region, as well as the experiences of a child whose Jewish birth subjects him to daily taunts from the Christian children of the village.

Tyler (Philippa). THE LUSHINGTON MYSTERY ("Thou shalt not escape —"). Heath & Cranton [1919]. 7½ in. 303 pp., 6/ n.

German espionage, murder, suicide, and a Zeppelin raid, are among the excitements provided for readers of this story.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Mann (Ludovic Maclellan). WAR MEMORIALS AND THE BAROCHAN CROSS, RENFREWSHIRE. W. Hodge & Co., 1919. 8½ in. 44 pp. il. paper, 2/ n. 913.36

An endeavour to arouse interest in symbolic and decorative Celtic art in association with the numerous memorials which will be set up to those who fell in the war. No more fitting memorials could be erected, the author thinks, than such monuments as the Celtic Cross at Barochan, of which a full description is given.

Vizetelly (Ernest Alfred) "Le Petit Homme Rouge." PARIS AND HER PEOPLE UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 9 in. 328 pp. front. ind., 12/6 n. 914.436

This very readable book contains vivid and well-informed accounts of numerous phases of Parisian life, together with a mass of detail—much of it of considerable interest—relating to theatrical, literary, and artistic matters. The chronicle comes down to 1900.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Butler (Nicholas Murray). THEODORE ROOSEVELT: a minute presented to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York at its meeting held Feb. 6, 1919. [1919.] 9 in. 4 pp. paper. 920

Brown (Mrs. Georgina Chadwick). FOR INDIA AND BURMA: "symbols are sacred": a new banner with a wreath of honour of the sacred Peepul or Bo tree, an Eastern emblem that appeals to 72 per cent. of the population of the world (Honour for Time). Rangoon, the Author, 8, Ashlone Road, Cantonment [1919]. 7½ in. 30 pp. il. paper. 929.9

Bygott (John). TWO SOLDIER BROTHERS. Jarrolds; Grimsby, Albert Gait [1919]. 7½ in. 186 pp. il. pors. bds., 3/6 n. 920

The author has compiled this account of the late Walter Bertram Wood, lieutenant, Hampshire Regiment and R.F.C., and the late Edwin Leonard Wood, second lieutenant, 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers, from their letters, papers, etc., and has included selections from Mr. E. L. Wood's literary fragments.

Dorling (H. Taprell). RIBBONS AND MEDALS. Philip, 1919. 7½ in. Part 1, seventh ed. 87 pp. il. ind.; part 2, second ed., 62 pp. il. ind. paper, 2/6 n. each. 929.7

O'Hara (M. M.). CHIEF AND TRIBUNE: PARNELL AND DAVITT. Maunsel, 1919. 9 in. 330 pp., 10/6 n. 920

A sympathetic and well-informed narrative and critical account of the two great leaders of Irish Nationalism during the period leading up to the present time.

***Wright (H. G.).** THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ARTHUR HALL OF GRANTHAM, member of Parliament, courtier, and first translator of Homer into English (Publications of the Univ. of Manchester, English Series. 9). Manchester, Univ. Press (Longmans), 1919. 9 in. 243 pp. apps. bib. ind., 10/6 n. 920

Hall's chequered career (1539-1606) is plainly set forth in this admirable work of research. Irritable, ill-balanced, and often in scrapes, he left a piece of serious literary work for which he is entitled to recognition, namely, his rendering into English of Salel's French translation of the first ten books of the Iliad.

930-990 HISTORY.

Douglas (J. A.). THE REDEMPTION OF SAINT SOPHIA. Faith Press, 22, Buckingham Street, W.C. 2, 1919. 6 in. 79 pp. il. paper, 2/6. 949.61

This book embodies, besides a considerable amount of historical matter, descriptions of the Church of the Holy Wisdom, otherwise known as the Mosque of St. Sophia, and of other monuments in Constantinople.

Frégier (Charles). LES ÉTAPES DE LA CRISE GRECQUE, 1915-18 ("Série Rouge"). Paris, Bossard, 1919. 6½ in. 294 pp. paper, 3 fr. 90. 949.506
M. Frégier has produced a review of notable phases in the evolution of Greek policy from the time of the second Venetian Ministry to the mobilization in 1918. From the author's pages can be obtained a considerable insight into the political psychology of the Greek people.

***Haydon (A. L.).** THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS: a record of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada, 1873-1918. 6th ed. Melrose, 1918. 8 in. 437 pp. il. pors. map, apps. ind., 5/ n. 971
Contains additional chapters describing events that have occurred since the first edition appeared in 1910.

***Holt (Lucius Hudson) and Chilton (Alexander Wheeler).** THE HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1862 TO 1914: from the accession of Bismarck to the outbreak of the Great War. N.Y., Macmillan Co., 1918. 9 in. 626 pp. maps, bib. ind., 14/ n. 940.9

The Professor of English and History and the Assistant Professor of History at the U.S. Military Academy have produced a good text-book of European history in the epoch closing with the war, and have illustrated it with plenty of good maps. The main thread is the German effort to attain and hold the hegemony of Europe, but the internal affairs and the international relations of the other States are treated with due attention. The authors have done their work well. The methodical arrangement of the book, the clear explanation of motives and policies, and the concise but lucid accounts of military and other events are admirable.

O' Cathasaigh (P.). THE STORY OF THE IRISH CITIZEN ARMY. Maunsell, 1919. 7½ in. 80 pp. app. paper, 1/ n. 941.591
Stated to be the first account published of the formation of the Irish Citizen Army during the Dublin strike of 1913-14, and the part played by it in the subsequent history of Ireland.

Power (Rhoda). UNDER COSSACK AND BOLSHIEV. Methuen, 1919. 8 in. 279 pp., 7/ n. 947.08
An interesting account of domestic experiences in a bourgeois household in Rostov on the Don during the old régime, the Revolution, and the Bolshevik occupation.

The Russian Diary of an Englishman, Petrograd, 1915-17. Heinemann, 1919. 9 in. 228 pp. il. pors. apps. ind., 12/ n. 947.08

The diary starts on July 18, 1915, and ends on October 6, 1917; various letters are introduced in chronological order. The author appears to have been on intimate terms with the late imperial family and to have had access to the highest social circles in Petrograd. He writes in an informative way, and his book is well illustrated with portraits, views, plans, and a genealogy of the Romanovs.

Self-Determination for India. Indian Home Rule League, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2. 9½ in. 14 pp. il. paper. 954

A plea for a complete constitution for India, "conceding autonomy within the British Commonwealth, with transitory provisions for bringing the whole constitution into full operation within the time specified by the Congress and the Moslem League."

Trotsky (L.). THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION TO BREST-LITOVSK. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 149 pp., 4/6 n. 947.08

This able defence of the Bolsheviks will come as a surprise to some by reason of the fierce indictment of the Central Powers which it contains. The book is a historical document of great importance.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

***Buchan (John).** NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR: vol. 22, THE DARKEST HOUR. Nelson [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp. maps, apps., 2/6 n. 940.9

The period covered is from the German attack on March 21 to the beginning of Marshal Foch's great counterstroke on

July 18, 1918, and includes the second battle of the Somme the battle of the Lys, the naval exploits at Zeebrugge and Ostend, the third battle of the Aisne, and the Austrian attack upon Italy, as the main episodes. The short final chapter on the second battle of the Marne prepares for the dramatic peripeteia.

Coleridge (John). THE GRAND FLEET: a war-time sketch book. (Medici Society) Lee Warner [1919]. 7 by 10 in. 3/6 940.9

Lieut. Coleridge's sketches successfully convey an idea of various aspects of the Grand Fleet and its surroundings in Scapa Flow, and of some of the operations of the fighting ships. Effective drawings are included of the action of November 17, 1917, fought off Heligoland, the American ships at Scapa, and a dazzle-painted seaplane-carrier.

Paulin (Honoré). LE FER ET LE CHARBON: conditions de la paix future. Paris, Bossard, 1919. 9½ in. 30 pp. map, paper, 1 fr. 50. 940.9

The author lays emphasis on the importance of iron and coal, and declares that if by the coming Treaty of Peace the Rhine frontier, as it existed before 1815, cannot be given to France, there should at least be a frontier which would serve as a protection against aggressive tendencies on the part of Germany, and safeguard the future of French industry.

Shortt (Adam). EARLY ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR UPON CANADA. **Rowe (L. S.).** EARLY EFFECTS OF THE EUROPEAN WAR UPON THE FINANCE, COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF CHILE (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: Division of Economics and History. N.Y., Oxford Univ. Press, 1918. 10 in. 118 pp. apps., 5/ n. 940.9

It has been decided by the Carnegie Endowment to issue a series of preliminary studies on the effects of the war, and these papers are the first of the series. The investigations of the authors relate to conditions during the early stages of the war.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Brown (Charles). THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD: ITS SIEGES AND BATTLES: addresses to children on Bunyan's "Holy War." R.T.S. [1919]. 7½ in. 131 pp. il., 3/ n. J.F.

Dr. Brown retells Bunyan's account of the siege of Mansoul in a way to win the attention of the modern child, and the coloured illustrations are effective.

Clear the Decks! a tale of the American navy to-day; by Commander. Lippincott, 1918. 8 in. 303 pp. il. bds., 6/ n. J.813.5

This is a good tale of actual and imaginary events in the Great War. We hear of "Another Jutland, only this time the British won hands down—God bless 'em!" and of a battle in which the Americans beat the Germans "on their own."

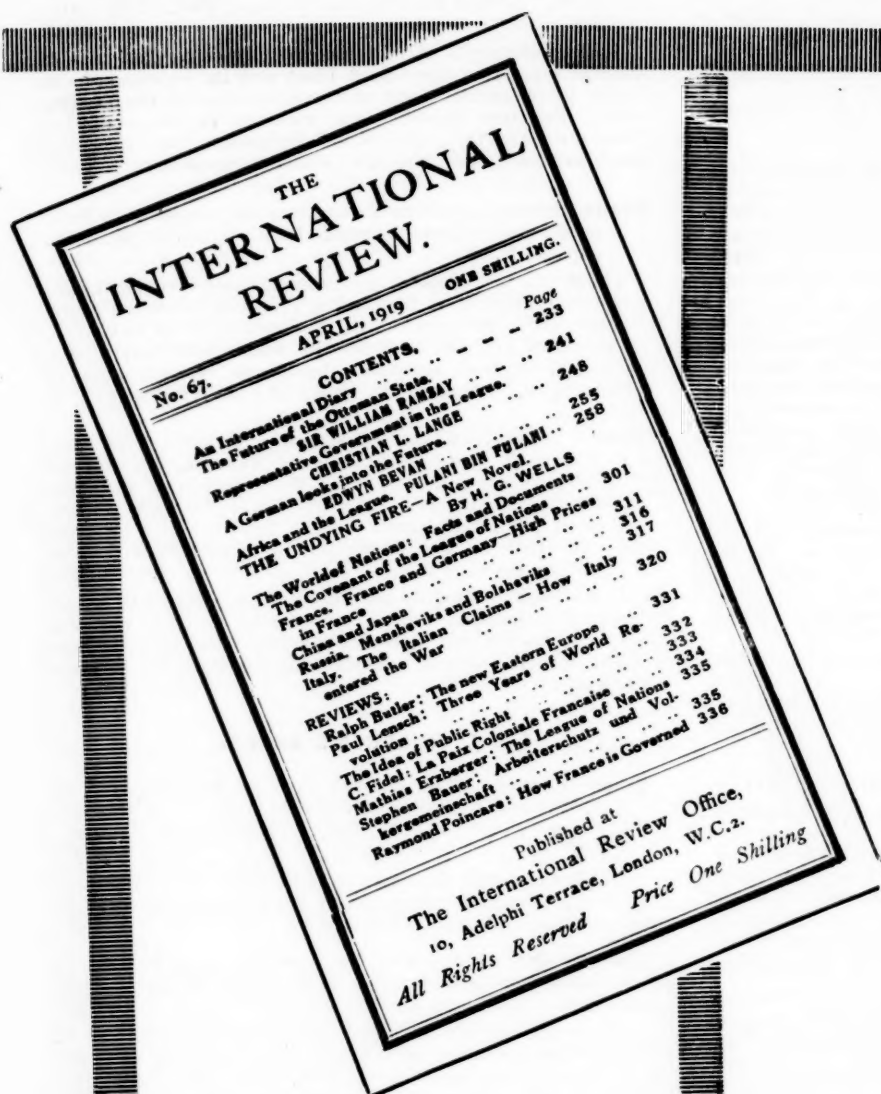
***Sabin (Edwin L.).** GENERAL CROOK AND THE FIGHTING APACHES; il. by Charles H. Stephens ("Trail Blazers Series"). Lippincott, 1918. 8 in. 302 pp. il. por., 5/ n. J.813.5

Both boys and girls will love this capital story of the wars with the Apaches of Arizona during 1871-86. The historic heroes are the "Gray Wolf," Major-General Crook, and Major-General Howard, and the actual events are carefully dated and particularized.

***Trevor (Basil), ed.** THE MEMOIRS OF MICKY, a Fox-terrier: with which is interspersed the Rubáiyát of O'Mick-I-am. Daniel [1919]. 6½ in. 128 pp. 3/6 n. J.590

The genuine wit and humour of this canine autobiography, and the neat burlesque of Omar Khayyam, are not above the level of an intelligent child. Not least amusing are the 'anticipatory press notices.'

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